

The
Progressive Music Series
Book Three

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THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES BOOK THREE

BY

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OSBOURNE McCONATHY
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AUTHORIZED FOR USE IN THE PROVINCES OF ALBERTA AND SASKATCHEWAN

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PREFACE

THE Progressive Music Series, in material and plan, aims to realize the ideals of leading authorities in music and pedagogy.

The music material comprises the best that could be found in the libraries of America and Europe, together with a large number of original songs, written by many of the foremost living composers, whose interest and coöperation were secured through personal interviews; and characteristic folk songs obtained from sources hitherto unavailable. All the music material has been subjected to careful critical study both in regard to its musical worth and to its adaptability to school use. Equal care has been exercised in the selection of the words of the songs.

Three periods of development in the child's school life are recognized by present-day educators: the *Sensory Period*, the *Associative Period*, and the *Adolescent Period*. Books Two and Three are designed to cover the work of the *Associative Period*. This period is essentially the time for drill and the time for developing sight reading power. Basing the music study on the tonal and rhythmic concepts gained in the *Sensory Period*, the fundamental musical problems are presented in a logical sequence for formal drill. In developing these problems four steps are involved: (1) A review of a familiar song which embodies the problem. (2) A clear statement of the problem to the pupils. (3) Thorough drill on the problem, isolated from the context. (4) Application of the mastered problem in reading new songs in which it occurs.

Parts One, Two, and Three of Book Three form, with Book Two, a consecutive series of lessons which, beginning with the simplest tonal and rhythmic relations, progresses to the study of all the musical problems essential to the mastery of music suitable for school use. Part Four of Book Three contains patriotic and devotional songs for general use.

The addition of Part Five, containing a number of simple three-part songs, will make this edition of Book Three particularly helpful in schools where the children have not followed the plan of The Progressive Music Series from the first grade. The new material may be studied in connection with any of the chapters which follow Chapter VIII, The Introduction of Three-Part Singing.

The plan of work of Book Three, covering, as it does, the latter half of the *Associative Period*, is purposely made elastic to meet varying conditions. Communities differ as to the time when the *Associative Period* merges into the *Adolescent Period*. In most places this transition—marked by the appearance of the changing voices of the boys—is sufficiently evident to demand consideration early in the eighth grade, occasionally in the latter half of the seventh grade, and sometimes as early as the beginning of the seventh grade. Therefore Book Three is

so planned that although there is abundant material for the work of the sixth and seventh grades, it may be covered in a year and a half, or condensed into an outline of one year.

Alternative outlines covering these different possibilities are given in Teacher's Manual, Volume III, which also provides explicit directions for conducting the music lessons, as well as individual analyses and piano accompaniments for most of the songs in Book Three.

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Anna M. Pratt for "A Morning Song." Alfred James Waterhouse for "When I Go Out on My Wheel" from "The Athlete's Garland." William S. Lord for "Dream and Snowflake" from "The Rock-a-bye Book" (Fleming H. Revell Co.). Laurence Alma-Tadema for "The Owl" and "Near Autumn." Frank Walcott Hutt and Eaton & Maine for "October Song." Longmans, Green & Co. for "Good Night, Pretty Stars" from "Old-Fashioned Rhymes and Poems," edited by Mrs. Roadnight. Annie Willis McCullough and *The Metropolitan* for "The Green World." May Elizabeth White and *The Advance* for "My Bedtime." Eunice Ward and *The Woman's Home Companion* for "So Ignorant." *The Youth's Companion* for "Harvest Slumber Song" by William Wilfred Campbell, and "The Listening Woods" by Ida Whipple Benham; and *The Youth's Companion* and the authors for "A Hymn for a Child" by Laura E. Richards, "Tree-top Mornings" by Ethelwyn Wetherald, "Daffydowndilly" by Mary Wilder Pease, and "A Child's Fancy" by Miriam S. Clark. The Century Company for "A Suggestion for a Happy New Year" by Mary Mapes Dodge. Mrs. Leonard B. Marshall for "Fairy Revelry" by Edward Payson Jackson from "The Halcyon Song-Book." Houghton Mifflin Company for "At the Window" by Maurice Thompson. "Friends" and "Before I Open Drowsy Eyes" by Abbie Farwell Brown, "The Dandelions" by Helen Gray Cone, and "Lullaby" by Frank Dempster Sherman are also used by permission of and by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers of their works.

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THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

BOOK THREE

PART ONE

Chapter I: Melodies Reviewing Topics of Book Two

The Pearl

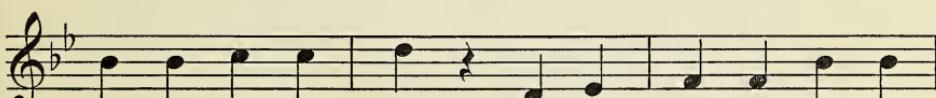
(T. M. III, p. 121)

M. Louise Baum
From the French

Franz Joseph Haydn



1. On a rose leaf fresh and fragrant, Lay a
2. So the dew-drop reached the ocean, 'Neath the



shining drop of dew; Came a bird and bent the
blue to toss and whirl; Then white pris - on walls en-



rose-bush, Swayed and swung there just to woo, Till the
fold it, All its rain - bow col - ors furl, Till at



drop fell in the brooklet, Seek - ing aye the boundless blue.
last the shell falls o - pen With its pure and shi - ning pearl.

To the River

Susan Jewett

(T. M. III, p. 122)

Ludwig van Beethoven

Gen-tle riv er, gen-tle riv - er, Tell us whith-er do you
 glide Thro' the green and sun-ny meadows, With your sweetly murmur-ring
 tide? You for ma-ny a mile must wander, Ma-ny a love - ly prospect
 see; Gen-tle riv-er, gen-tle riv - er, Oh, how hap-py you must be!

Past Three O'clock

(T. M. III, p. 123)

James Fortescue

English Folk Song

Past three o'-clock, and a cold, frosty morning: Past three o'-clock, good
 morrow masters all.

1. While in your beds you're peace-ful-ly sleep-ing,
2. We go the round, you rest at your lei-sure;
3. When morning breaks and slum-ber is end - ed,

Under the stars our watch we are keeping. Past three o'-clock, and a
 Safe is your house and safe is your treasure. Past three o'-clock, and a
 Give us your thanks, your homes who've defended. Past three o'-clock, and a
 cold, fros-ty morn-ing: Past three o'-clock, good morrow masters all.

Swallow, Swallow

(T. M. III, p. 124)

Alice E. Sollitt
From the French

Franz Joseph Haydn

Andante

1. Swal-low, swal-low, far a - way, To the South-land wing - ing;
 2. Swal-low, swal-low, fare thee well, Till some bright to - mor - row,

Gray the sky and drear the day, Wild the North Wind's sing - ing.
 When the spring, o'er field and fell, Ban - ish - es our sor - row.

cresc.

Haste thee, friend, fly fast and far, Flee - ing win-ter's sad - ness;
 Haste thee, then, wher-e'er thou art, Spring's sweet promise sing - ing;

Haste thee, friend, fly fast and far, Seeking sum-mer's glad - ness.
 Haste thee, then, wher-e'er thou art, Summer's gladness bring - ing.

Autumn Holiday

Abbie Farwell Brown

(T. M. III, p. 125)

Welsh Melody

Allegro

1. Come, my comrades, hear the cho-rus, Fa la la la la la la la la;
2. Come, my comrades, taste your lei-sure, Fa la la la la la la la la;
3. Up a - long the coun-try highways, Fa la la la la la la la la;
4. Care and woe we leave be - hind us, Fa la la la la la la la la,

Hap - py hours are spread be-fore us, Fa la la la la la la la la.
 Lo, this day was made for pleasure, Fa la la la la la la la la.
 Down the lit - tle lanes and by-ways, Fa la la la la la la la la;
 As the mer-ry strains re - mind us, Fa la la la la la la la la.

Come and trip it in the meadows, Fa la la la la la la la,
 Trees are glow-ing, fields are gol-den, Fa la la la la la la la;
 O - ver hill and in - to val - ley, Fa la la la la la la la,
 Come, my comrades, sing the cho-rus, Fa la la la la la la la,

Ere the evening spreads her shadows, Fa la la la la la la la.
 Sing the song of a - ges ol - den, Fa la la la la la la la.
 Here we race and there we dal - ly, Fa la la la la la la la.
 Ma - ny hearts have sung be-fore us, Fa la la la la la la la.

Where Go the Winds

Martha Hanley

(T. M. III, p. 126)

Adolf Weidig

Composed for this Series

1. Where did the north wind go? Where did the north wind
2. Where did the east wind go? Where did the east wind
3. Where did the south wind go? Where did the south wind
4. Where did the west wind go? Where did the west wind

go? — A - way and far a - way To toss the kites at play;
 go? — In haste to dash the rain A - gainst the win-dow-pane;
 go? — It sof - tly, gen-tly sped To kiss the ro-ses red;
 go? — To gen - tly rock the nest Of lit - tle birds at rest;

That's where it went, O - ho! That's where it went, O - ho! O -
 That's where it went, O - ho! That's where it went, O - ho! O -
 That's where it went, O - ho! That's where it went, O - ho! O -
 That's where it went, O - ho! That's where it went, O - ho! O -

ho, yeo-ho! O - ho, yeo-ho! That's where it went, O - ho! —
 ho, yeo-ho! O - ho, yeo-ho! That's where it went, O - ho! —
 ho, yeo-ho! O - ho, yeo-ho! That's where it went, O - ho! —
 ho, yeo-ho! O - ho, yeo-ho! That's where it went, O - ho! —

The Song of the Lark

Frederick H. Martens

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Through blue skies is borne The lark's crys-tal song, That
 ech - oes the joy of the gol - den dawn. To
 heav - en it brings On mel - o-dy's wings The hymn that the green earth is
 rais - ing, The Mas - ter of all glad-ly prais - ing

Welcome to Autumn

(T. M. III, p. 127)

Pauline Frances Camp

Peter I. Tschaikowsky

1. The Summer's tale is o - ver, And the rest - less ro - ver
 2. But nev-er heed nor mind him, Since he leaves be - hind him
 Turns a-way to leave us, Care - less if he grieve us.
 Autumn in his glo - ry, With his gol - den sto - ry.

The River Path

John Greenleaf Whittier

(T. M. III, p. 128)

George W. Chadwick
Composed for this Series

Andante lento

4 4

No bird song floa - ted down the hill, The tan - gled
dusk of twi - light round us grew, We felt the

bank be - low was — still; No rus - tle from the the
fall - ing of the — dew; For, from us, ere the

1 , 2 ,

birch-en stem, No rip - ple from the wa - ter's hem. The sun. But
day was done, The wooded hills shut out the

cresc. *dim.*

on the riv-er's farther side We saw the hill-tops glo - ri - fied.

Seesaw

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round

III

Now I go up on the see-saw, heigh - ho! When I come
 down a-gain, up you will go. See - saw! See - saw!

Distant Sweden

Louise M. Bray
From the Swedish

(T. M. III, p. 130)

Swedish Folk Song

mf

O Swe - den, far - off home - land, so peace - ful and bright, My
I see thy snowcapp'd moun - tains a - glow in the light; A -
mf

eyes toward thy shores are ev - er turn - ing. — cross boundless seas for thee I'm yearn - ing. — Once more the flocks I

p *mf*

lead un - to pastures on the hills, Through si - lent leaf - y for - ests where

leap the foaming rills; Once more smile thy peaceful skies a - bove me. —

Daffydowndilly

Mary Wilder Pease

(T. M. III, p. 129)

Margaret Ruthven Lang
Composed for this Series

Slowly
mp

1. Your pret - ty gown of yel - low hue, — Dear lit - tle
2. Why did you leave your win - ter furs? — You knew the

gar - den fair - y, I'm - sure is much - too
winds were chil - ly. May - Pus - sy Wil - low



The Meadow

Minnie Leona Upton

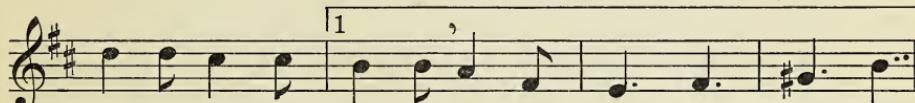
(T. M. III, p. 132)

Howard Brockway
Composed for this Series

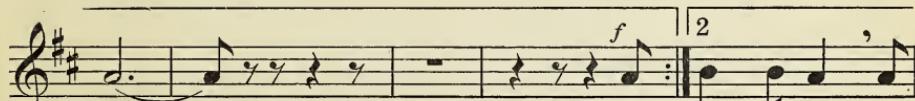
Oh, mer-ry is the meadow in the sun-ny summer's prime; The
hap-py are the children in the meadow fair at play, With



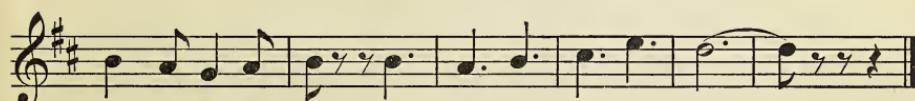
dear - y, cheer - y days When Moth-er Na - ture plays, And the
but - ter-cups all bright, And dais - ies left and right; Bees and



lit - tle brooks are sing - ing, with the breez - es keep - ing
but - ter-flies and



time! — Oh, bob - o - links, a -



bove the flowers gay, A - bove the flow-ers gay! —

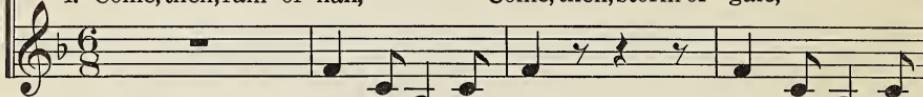
Cold the Blast May Blow

Lowell Mason



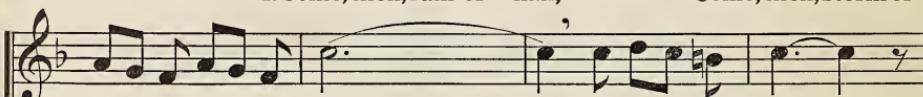
1. Cold the blast may blow,
2. Bos - oms firm and bold
3. When in school we meet,
4. Come, then, rain or hail,

Heap-ing high the snow;
Fear not storms nor cold,
Looks of wel-come greet,
Come, then, storm or gale,



1. Cold the blast may blow,
2. Bos - oms firm and bold
3. When in school we meet,
4. Come, then, rain or hail,

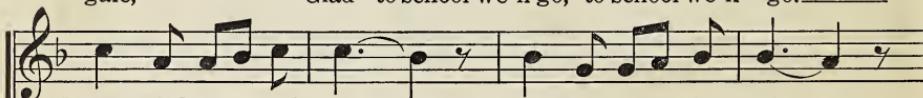
Heap-ing high the
Fear not storms nor
Looks of wel-come
Come, then, storm or



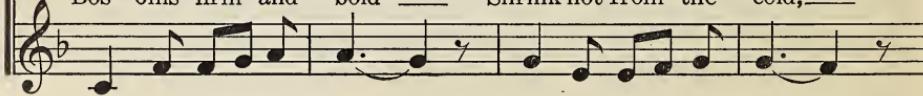
Winds may loud - ly roar, _____ may loud - ly roar; _____
Fear not ice nor snow, _____ not ice nor snow. _____
Sent from smi-ling eyes, _____ from smi-ling eyes. _____
Glad to school we'll go, _____ to school we'll go. _____

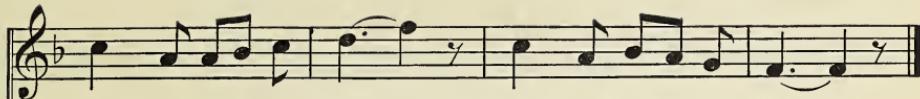


snow; Winds may loud - ly roar, may loud - ly roar; _____
cold, Fear not ice nor snow, not ice nor snow. _____
greet, Sent from smi-ling eyes, from smi - ling eyes. _____
gale, Glad to school we'll go, to school we'll go. _____



Trees all brown and bare _____ Sad may wave in air, _____
Fierce - ly though the gale _____ Drift the snow and hail, _____
When our teach - ers dear _____ Give us words of cheer, _____
Bos - oms firm and bold _____ Shrink not from the cold, _____





Decked with leaves no more, — Decked with leaves no more.
 Hearts may warm-ly glow, — Hearts may warm-ly glow.
 What are win - try skies? — What are win - try skies?
 Fear not ice nor snow, — Fear not ice nor snow.

Milking Time

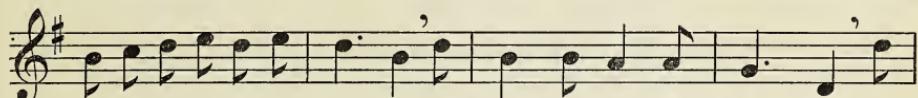
(T. M. III, p. 133)

Margaret Aliona Dole
From the Norwegian

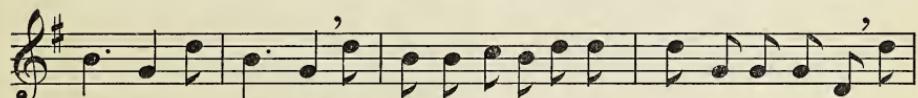
Norwegian Folk Song



1. The cows are way down in the pasture; The bells are tinkling sweet and low, As
 2. Oh, here come the bright rosy milkmaids! They place their stools and hold the pails, While



o-ver the meadow they wander, While graz - ing on the clo - ver. Then
 mer-ri-ly there in the gloaming The warm white milk is foam - ing. Then



moo - ing and chewing, The shadows they follow Up hill and down hollow, And
 Pol - ly and Mol - ly With Annie and Mary Re - turn to the dai-ry, All



pa-tien - tly yon - der They wait to - geth - er For milk - ing time.
 hap - py and jol - ly, To make fresh but - ter From yel - low cream!

The Owl

Laurence Alma-Tadema

(T. M. III, p. 134)

Granville Bantock
Composed for this Series

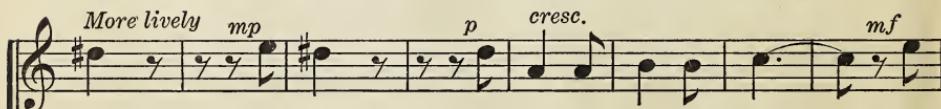
1. When all the chil - dren lie a - sleep And
2. Her wings are qui - et, eyes are keen, She
3. But when the dawn be - gins to break, And



vil - lage lamps are out, _____ The owl from out the
 needs no star - ry light; _____ To her each tim - id
 glim-m'ring hour is chill, _____ She wings her way a -



barn will creep To roam the world a - bout. _____ Tu -
 thing is seen That nib - bles in the night. _____ Tu -
 cross the lake Or hoots up - on the hill. _____ Tu -



whit, Tu - whit, To roam the world a - bout; _____ Tu -
 whit, Tu - whit, That nib-bles in the night; _____ Tu -
 whit, Tu - whit, Or hoots up - on the hill; _____ Tu -



Tu-whoo!

Tu-whoo!

2

whit, Tu - whit, To roam the world a - bout. —
 whit, Tu - whit, That nib-bles in the night. —
 whit, Tu - whit, Or hoots up - on the hill. —

Tu-whoo! Tu-whoo!

2

3 p dim. pp

Tu-whit, Tu - whoo! —

3 p dim. pp

Tu-whit, Tu - whoo! —

The Race

(T. M. III, p. 136)

May Morgan

A. Danhauser

1. Life is like a stream For - ev - er onward flowing; Whether we will or no,
 2. Training ev'ry day In bright or stormy weather, All cheery, blithe, and gay,

Down that stream we're going. Strong and steady hearts We're needing for the
 On we row to - geth - er. Speeding down the years Like birds on lightest

row - ing; We must win, so now be - gin The stroke to learn.
 feath-er; Paus-ing none, the race is won, And rest we earn.

Shepherds on the Hills

Nathan Haskell Dole
From the Norwegian

Th. Madsen



1. Shep-herds on the hills Are wait - ing for the
2. Grass is grow - ing sere Up - on the moun-tain

1. Shep-herds on the hills Are
2. Grass is grow - ing sere Up-

day, The hap - py, hap - py day to come When
side; The for - est trees in sun - set rays With

wait - ing for the hap - py day, day to come
on the dis - tant moun - tain side; sun - set rays,

they may bring their lambkins home, No more, no more to roam Up -
fires of gol - den glo - ry blaze, And fall - en with - ered leaves Are

When they'll bring their lambkins home,
Fires of gol - den glo - ry blaze.

Nev - er - more to
Fall - en, with - ered

on the wind-y heights. Al - rea - dy birds be - gin to make Their
 scat-ter'd ev -'ry - where. The autumn nights are growing cold; A

roam on win - dy heights. Al - rea - dy birds be - gin to make Their
 leaves are ev -'ry - where. The autumn nights are growing cold; A

southern flights, their southern flights; Be - gin to make their south - ern
 tang of frost is in the air, A tang of frost is in the

southern flights, their flights; Be - gin to make their southern
 tang of frost, of frost, A tang of frost is in the

flights. The flocks and herds, the flocks and herds, Look down with ea - ger, long- ing
 air. With - in the fold, the shelt'ring fold, The mountain men col - lect the

flights. The flocks and herds, With long-ing
 air, With-in the fold, Col - lect the

eyes, Where now the win - ter home al - lur - - ing lies.
 sheep And thro' the dreamy night hours ligh - tly sleep.

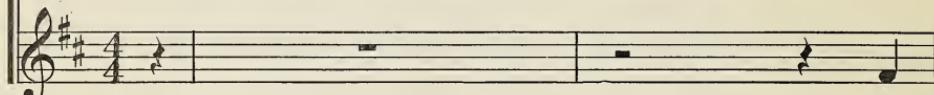
eyes, Look where the win - ter home, their home al - lur - ing lies.
 sheep, And thro' the dreamy night hours ligh - tly, ligh - tly sleep.

Chapter II: Melodies in the Melodic Minor Scale

The Little Red Owl

May Morgan

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series



Too - whoo! Too - whoo! Too - whoo! Is drowsi - ly winking and
Too - whoo! Too - whoo! Too - whoo! The other birdsshun him and

lit - tie red owl in the old ap - ple tree, Too - whoo! Too - whoo! Too -
there he sits doz - ing and dream - ing by day, Too - whoo! Too - whoo! Too -

blinking at me. Right at him I'm star - ing, But he is not
has - ten a-way; They know he'll go roaming For food in the

whoo! Too - whoo!

car-ing; He's eith - er a-sleep, or pre - ten - ding to be, Too -
 gloaming, And woe to the bird or the mouse in his way, Too -
 Too - whoo! Too - whoo! Too - whoo! Too - whoo! { He's
 And
 Too - whoo!

eith - er a - sleep, or pre - ten - ding to be.
 woe to the bird or the mouse in his way!

Cinderella

Alice E. Sollitt
From the French

(T. M. III, p. 137)

French Folk Song

1. Sad am I, sad and shy, Far a - way from friendly eye; Night and
 2. Yet it seems , in my dreams Fair - y light around me gleams; And I
 day, here I stay In my corner hid a - way. Here sit I in dust and
 hear in , my ear: "Cin-der - el - la, have no fear. Kitchen days will soon be
 ashes, Here sit I in rags and tears! Hence they claim, to my shame, Cin-der -
 o - ver; I have joy in store for thee. Fair - y friend grief will end, And a
 el - la is my name; Hence they claim, to my shame, Cin-der-el - la is my name,
 prince to you will send; Fair - y friend grief will end, And a prince to you will send."

The Maypole

Traditional

(T. M. III, p. 138)

English Folk Song

Allegretto

1. Come, ye young men, haste a - long ____ With your mu - sic,
2. 'Tis the choice time of the year, ____ For the vio - lets
3. When you thus have spent your time, ____ And the day is

dance, and song; Bring your las - sies in your hands,
 now ap - pear; Now the rose re - ceives its birth;
 past its prime, To your beds re - pair at night,

For 'tis that which spring com-mands. Then to the May-pole
 Pret - ty prim - rose decks the earth. Then to the May-pole
 There to dream of day's de - light. Then to the May-pole

haste a - way, ____ For 'tis now a ____ hol - i - day;

Then to the Maypole haste a - way, ____ For 'tis now a ____ hol - i - day.

The Frost

Nathan Haskell Dole
From the Russian

(T. M. III, p. 139)

Russian Folk Song

1. Comes the Frost from the North, Steal-ing forth by night;
To the house entrance gains Thro' the win-dow -

2. Comes the Frost from the North, Steal-ing forth by night;
To the house entrance gains Thro' the win-dow -

panes. He has keen sparkling eyes, And on wide si-lent
panes. And wher-ev - er he goes, By his weird mag-ic

wings O'er the earth fast he flies, And the win-ter he brings!
pow'rs, Wit-
e as snow-flakes he strows Sil- ver ferns, sil-ver flow'rs.

In Autumn

M. Louise Baum

(T. M. III, p. 140)

Attributed to Stradella

Adagio

Sun-set is pa - ling; Winds go a - wail - ing;

Sum-mer is fled. Night cowers cold On wood and on

wold, While o - ver - head The stars are red.

Bummer's Done

May Morgan

(T. M. III, p. 140)

Norwegian Folk Song

1. The chest - nut tree is fla - ming All gol - den like the
 2. In boughs where birds were sing - ing Now on - ly squirrels

sun, Its fall - ing burrs pro - claim-ing That nut-ting time's be-
 run, And emp - ty nests are swinging, Are swinging in the

gun. By signs like these we know sum-mer's done.
 sun. By signs like these we know sum-mer's done.

My Bonny Pipes

Alice C. D. Riley

(T. M. III, p. 142)

Scotch Folk Song

1. Gi'n the cold winds blow, Gi'n the sleet and snow, Then my
 Gi'n the fog broods white O'er the face o' night, Then my
 2. There's a lass o' mine, Brown her hair so fine, And the
 When the wind howls dour O'er the bar - ren moor, Then my

High-land plaidie'll keep me warm.
 High-land heart will fear no harm.
 blue o' heav-en's in her e'e.
 High-land lass will think o' me.

For a High-land lad In his
 Oh, my heart will pine For this



Highland plaid, With his bagpipe dear, Knows no tho't o' fear. Then blow, then blow, my
lass o' mine, Till my love I hold In my plaidie's fold! Then blow, then blow, my



bon-ny pipes, then blow! My High - land heart will fear no harm.
bon-ny pipes, then blow! My High - land lass will think o' me.

The Maid and the Crook

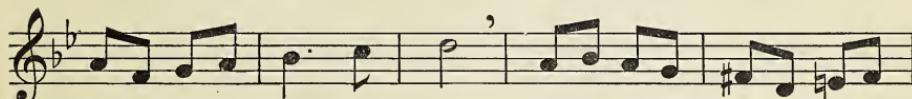
(T. M. III, p. 142)

Frederick H. Martens

Russian Folk Song



1. Where the brook thro' green wold flows, Its rip - ples
2. Sil - ver brook, ah, when you roam, A migh - ty



rill - ing while it goes, There each day my
riv - er past my home, Tell all those whom



foot-steps stray; I think of loved ones now far a - way.
I hold dear That in my thoughts they are ev - er near.

the Window

Maurice Thompson

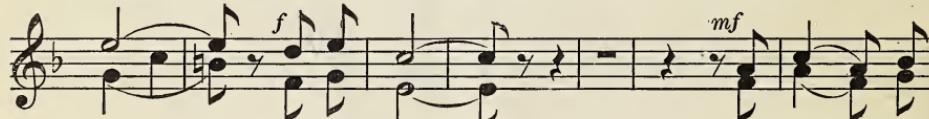
(T. M. III, p. 144)

Frank van der Stucken
Composed for this Series

I heard the wood-pecker tapping, The blue-bird



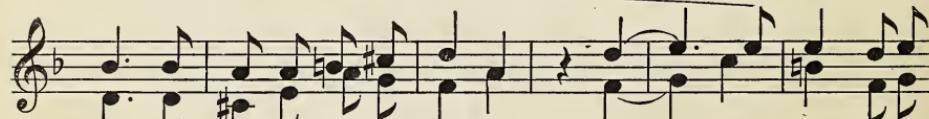
ten-der-ly sing; I turned and look'd out of my win-dow, And



lo! It was spring! breath from



trop - i - cal bor-ders, Just a rip - ple, flow'd in-to my room, And



washed my face clean of its sad-ness, Blew my heart in-to



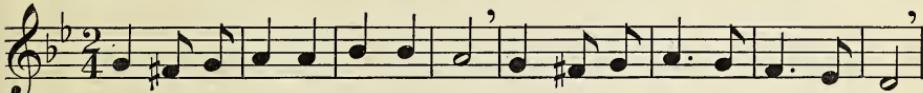
bloom, Blew my heart in - to bloom. —

Happy Autumn Days

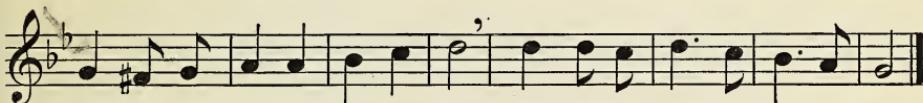
Virginia Baker

(T. M. III, p. 143)

French Folk Song



1. Sing, let us sing of hap - py days! Days when the air is crisp and clear!
2. Sing, let us sing of for - est dales Where ripened chestnuts pat - ter down!
3. Sing, let us sing of si - lent nights When all the stars like jew - els gleam!



When, from the woodland, call the jays, Tell - ing that autumn now is here.
 Sing of the trees in glens and vales, Splendid in crimson, gold, and brown.
 Joined hand in hand the white frost sprites Dance 'neath the pale moon's sil - ver beam.

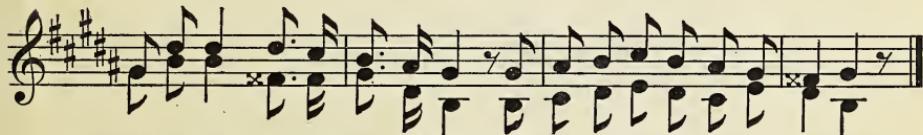
The Star

Margaret Aliona Dole

Danish Folk Song



1. One night a star left the Milk-y Way, Leaping forth in gladness; He
2. The morning light stole his fading glow: Homeward he was creeping. The
3. He answer'd them, slowly turning pale: "Laugh not at my sor - row! When



danced and play'd till the break of day, And then his joy all turn'd to sadness.
 sunbeams mock'd him: "Why don't you go Where all the other stars are sleeping?"
 evening comes then your light will fail, And I shall shine a - gain to - mor - row!"

Chapter III: The Eighth-Note Beat

The Remembrance Bouquet

M. Louise Baum

(T. M. III, p. 146)

Neapolitan Folk Song

Allegretto

1. I must choose me the yel - low - est ro - ses,
2. Then with fil - i - gree pa - per I wreath it,

For the sweetest, com-ple-test of po-sies; I will min-gle the
In a hold - er of sil - ver I sheathe it. 'Tis what gallants of

fern and the li - ly, Mi-gnon-ette, so-ber pansies and gay;
yore gave a la - dy, There it swung at her waist on a chain.

Pur-ple vi - o - let, snowy car - na - tion, All the lov - li - est
Oh, but who'll grace my posy and wear it? None is left now with

flow'rs in cre - a - tion Go to make a remembrance bou-quet.
whom I may share it, And my flow'rs have but blossom'd in vain.

The Gypsy Dance

Virginia Baker

(T. M. III, p. 147)

Gypsy Melody

1. The twinkling stars are bright, The sil-ver moon is beam-ing; The
2. Like nymphs and fauns at play, In mys-tic measures twi - ning, They

campfire's fit - ful light Glows red in the gloom of night. With
 cir - cle, bend, and sway, While loud swells the mu - sic gay. Tho'
 footsteps trip - ping free, And dark eyes wild - ly gleam - ing, The
 in the arms of sleep All oth - ers are re - cli - ning, Till
 Gyp - sies mer - ri - ly Now dance'neath the greenwood tree.
 dawn be - gins to peep The Gyp - sies their rev - els keep.

Love Night

Mary Stanhope

Ludwig van Beethoven

1. Love - ly night, love - ly night! With the la - dy moon for
 2. Love - ly night, love - ly night! How the moonlight mu - sic
 queen! O - ver field and wood she smil - eth And the lake to song be -
 flows! Shining harps with sil - ver thrill - ing, El - fin flutes ec - sta - tic
 guil - eth With her sil - ver light se - rene. Love - ly night, love - ly night!
 trill - ing Lull the heart to sweet re - pose. Love - ly night, love - ly night!

So Ignorant

Eunice Ward

(T. M. III, p. 148)

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series

1. The ve - ry dull - est chil - dren in Jap - an speak Jap - a - nese; In
 2. In Par - is lit - tle chil - dren do their les - sons all in French; In

Spain they chat - ter Span - ish as they play. — In Hol - land it is
 Ath - ens e - ven ba - by talk is Greek. — It makes me feel quite

much The custom to speak Dutch, While German youngsters talk the German way.
 blue, And rather stu - pid too, For English is the on - ly tongue I speak.

Prince Baby

Louise Stickney
From the Swedish

(T. M. III, p. 148)

G. C. Boivie

Andante

Prince-ling mine, tho' thou lack a throne, Hap - ly more sweet thy
 slum - ber! King thou art of this wood a - lone, — Vas - sals hast without

num - ber. Wa - ters will woo thee, Breezes will sue thee,



Larks will car - ol thy praise And peace bless thy days.

Dancing Song in May

(T. M. III, p. 150)

Hoffman von Fallersleben

Robert Franz



Come out to the green, For spring it has come; The glad May is



roaming, The hawthorn is blooming; Come out ___ and be gay, ___ For



mer - ry is May. ___ Come danc-ing with joy, In life's happy



morn; No clouds dim the heav-en, The earth is new - born, is new -



born ___ in the May; ___ Be glad ___ and be gay. ___

Well Met, Well Met

Traditional

(T. M. III, p. 152)

English Folk Song

Allegretto grazioso

1. Well met, well met, my own true love! Long
 2. I might have had a prin - cess fair, She
 3. A way of gold lies o'er the sea, Where

time am I seek - ing of thee. I am late - ly come from the
 fain - would have wed-ded with me; But I did not hold for her
 sets the great red sun in the west, And a - long that way thou shalt

salt, salt wave, And all for the sake, sweet love, of thee.
 crown of gold, And all for the sake, sweet love, of thee.
 sail with me, To the land of all lands, sweet love, that's best.

Mandolin Song

Abbie Farwell Brown

(T. M. III, p. 153)

Spanish Folk Song

Pink-pink - a-pink - a - pink-pink-pink, gay notes are winging; Pink-pink - a-pink-a -

pink-pink-pink, sweet mes-sage bring-ing; Hark how the mér-ry man - do - lin

sof - tly is sing-ing, Pink-pink - a-pink - a - pink-pink-pink, sil-ver- y sweet!

The Passing of Summer

Alice C. D. Riley

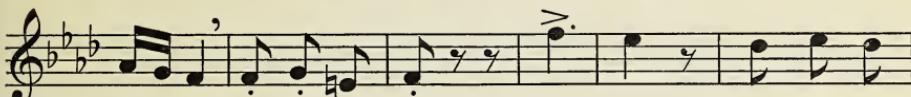
(T. M. III, p. 154)

Neapolitan Folk Song

Allegretto patetico



1. Blow! Blow! Free wind a - blow - ing! Sum - mer is
 2. Fly! Fly! Wild geese a - fly - ing, Why do you



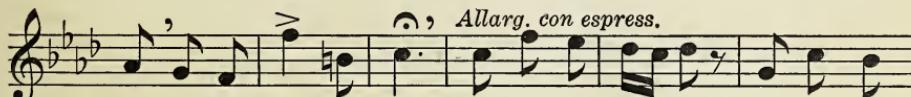
o - ver, autumn is come. Blow! Blow! Soon 'twill be
 leave us? Where do you go? Fly! Fly! Southward you're



snow-ing. Hark to the plo - ver sounding his drum!
 hie - ing. What are you chan - ting, plaintive and low?



"Win - ter is com - ing." List to his drumming, List to him
 Ripe nuts are fall - ing, Bob White is call - ing; Mocks Mister



call to his mate close by! Leaves all a - quiv - er, Reeds all a -
 Squirr'l in the tree close by! North wind's a - blow-ing, Soon 'twill be



shiv - er, Blossoms must with - er, Summer must die!
 snow-ing, Summer is go - ing, Summer must die!

Chapter IV: The Dotted Quarter-Note Beat; More Advanced Studies

Halloween

Ethel B. Howard

(T. M. III, p. 156)

Catharina van Rennes

1. The sparks fly high in the chimney deep Where the birch log glows; The
2. On hal - low-een, in the shadows dim Of the gray twi - light, Go

pop - corn snaps and the chestnuts leap While gay laugh - ter flows; And
Jack o' lanterns and witchmaids slim In a mad - cap flight. The
ap - ples red are luscious to eat When fall ____ the snows.
full moon tops the wooded hill rim And laughs____ out - right.

The Huntsmen

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round

I
A southerly wind and a cloudy sky Proclaim it a hun-ting morning;

II
To horse my brave boys and a - way; Bright Phoebus the hill is a - dorn-ing.

III
Hark! hark! for - ward! Tan-ta - ra, tan-ta - ra, tan-ta - ra! ____

Jingle, Jingle, Jinglety, Jing

Lee Burns

(T. M. III, p. 157)

Harvey B. Gaul
Composed for this Series

Allegro non troppo

Jin - gle, Jin - gle, Jin-gle-ty, Jing! I can't re-member the words to sing;

But there comes in - to my head some-times A sau - cy young tune that

rit. , a tempo

rip - ples and rhymes; Climbs up high and drops down low,

Just as a mer - ry young tune will go; Then runs a - way laugh-ing and

accel.

full of fun, With a heigh-oh-heigh! With a heigh-oh-heigh!

With a heigh - oh-heigh! and the tune is done!

The Listening Woods

Ida Whipple Benham

(T. M. III, p. 158)

Rudolph Ganz

Composed for this Series

Not fast

1. I went to the leaf - y for - est; Not a leaf, not a flow - er was
2. I looked at the shadowed mos - ses, And I looked at the nests o - ver -
3. And long did I wait in si - lence, But I looked and I list-ened in
4. At last, like a gen - tle breathing, From the Southland a breeze sof - tly

stirred. Still in ____ its nook was the dream - ing brook, And
 head; I watched the brook as it sweet - ly dreamed A -
 vain; It seemed the for - est so hushed and still Would
 blew, And said, "The lit - tle wood peo - ple all Are

still the nes - ting bird, ____ And still the nes - ting bird. ____
 lone in san - dy bed, ____ A - lone in san - dy bed. ____
 nev - er wake a - gain, ____ Would nev - er wake a - gain. ____
 list - 'ning, child, like you, ____ Are list - 'ning, child, like you." ____

Theme

From *The Seventh Symphony*

Ludwig van Beethoven

Vivace

Come Lassies and Lads

(T. M. III, p. 159)

From *The Westminster Drollery, 1672*

English Folk Song

Allegretto

f

1. Come, lassies and lads, get leave of your dads, And a - way to the May-pole
2. "You're out," says Dick; "Not I," says Nick, " 'Twas the fid - dler play'd it
3. "Good night," says Harry; "Good night," says Mary; "Good night," says Poll to



hie; For ev - 'ry fair has a sweetheart there, And the fiddler's standing wrong. " 'Tis true," says Hugh, and so says Sue, And so says ev - 'ry John. "Good night," says Sue to her sweetheart Hugh; "Good night," says ev - 'ry



by. For Wil-lie shall dance with Jane, And Johnny has got his one. The fid - dler then be - gan To play the tune a - one. Some walked and some did run, Some loi - tered on the



Joan, To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and gain, And ev - 'ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the way, And bound themselves by promises twelve To meet next hol - i -



down; To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down. men; And ev - 'ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the men. day; And bound themselves by promises twelve To meet next hol - i - day.

Chapter V: Modulations to Nearly-related Keys

Faithful Friends

Margaret Aliona Dole

(T. M. III, p. 155)

Joseph Gersbach



1. Faith-fu l friends are life's best treasure; Wealth and fame may pass a -
2. Life is full of stern de - ni - als; Oft we miss the joys we



way, Bring no joy or las - ting pleasure; Faith-fu l friends a - bide al -
crave. Faith - ful friends are near in tri - als; Their sup - port will make us



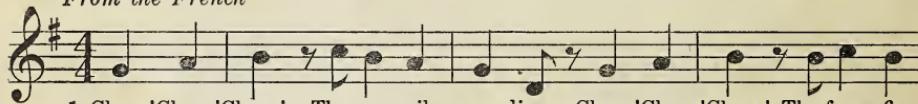
way. Thro' the world I glad - ly go If one faithful heart I know.
brave. Thro' the world I glad - ly go If one faithful heart I know.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

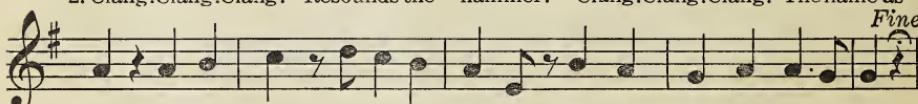
Abbie Farwell Brown
From the French

(T. M. III, p. 160)

Allyre Bureau

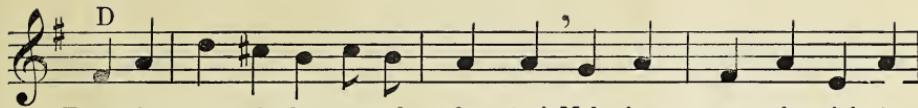


1. Clang!Clang!Clang! The an - vil sounding; Clang!Clang!Clang! The forge fire
2. Clang!Clang!Clang! Resounds the hammer. Clang!Clang!Clang! The flame as -



glows. Clang!Clang!Clang!The hammer pounding, Clang!Clang!Clang!With shaping blows.
cends. Clang!Clang!Clang! A migh - ty clam-or! Clang!Clang!Clang!The met - al bends.

Fine



Forge the met - al fas - ter and fas - ter! Mak - ing man the migh - ty
 Beat the sword to hap - pi - er us - es; Haste the end of war's a -

D.C.



master; Round the world to brace it the stronger, Pow'r of steel and i - ron goes.
 buses; Forge the plow, the ship, and the railroad, Peaceful bonds that make all friends.

On the Ling, Ho!

Björnstjerne Björnson

(T. M. III, p. 161)

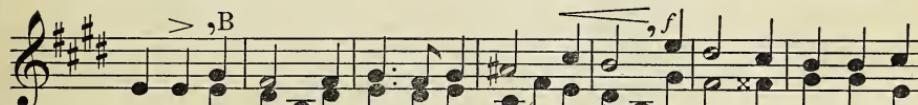
Halfdan Kjerulf



1. Sly reynard lay by the dusky pine, On the ling, ho! on the ling, ho! And
 2. Sly reynard leaped from the dusky pine, On the ling, ho! on the ling, ho! And



bun - ny spor - ted in the sum-mer shine, On the ling, ho! on the snapped up bun - ny in the sum-mer shine, On the ling, ho! on the



ling, ho! And oh, 'tis mer-ry, when moon is high, To frisk and trip'neath the ling, ho! And oh, 'tis mer-ry, to feast at ease, To spring and scamper, when



bright summer sky On the ling, ho! on the ling, ho! Tra, la la la la!
 no - bo - dy sees, On the ling, ho! on the ling, ho! Tra, la la la la!

Naples

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the Italian

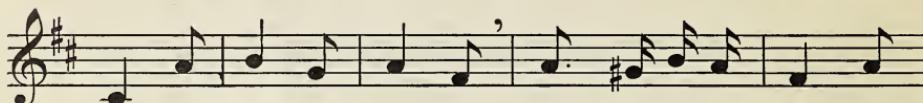
(T. M. III, p. 162)

Italian Folk Song

In waltz time



1. Dome of az - ure sky O'er sea of az-ure! Land where moments
2. Gar - dens near the sky With gleam-ing fountains; Vineyards climbing
3. Here up - on a hill A fair - y pal-ace; There a sil-ver



fly In dream - y pleas - ure! Ev - er dear to me Your
high The migh - ty moun-tains; Treas - ure fair to see Your
rill Di - vides the val - leys; Cav - erns in the sea Of



fra - grant hours, Land of flow'rs, O Na - ples dear!
gar - ners hold, Fruit of gold, O Na - ples dear!
az - ure blue, Fair to view, O Na - ples dear!

A



Sweet the sum-mer breeze That blows so gen - tly;
Pur - ple grapes to eat So rich and juic - y;
There a moun-tain stands With heart all burn - ing,

D rall.

D.C.



Soft the hum of bees In or - ange bow'rs.Tra la la la la!
Figs and al-monds sweet, A store un - told.Tra la la la la!
Guar-dian of the lands, So bright of hue.Tra la la la la!

The Snowflakes

Wilbur Weeks

(T. M. III, p. 164)

Neapolitan Song

Allegretto



When o'er the fields the snowflakes Are fall - ing, are fall - ing, I
 o'er the fields the snowflakes Are fall - ing, are fall - ing, I



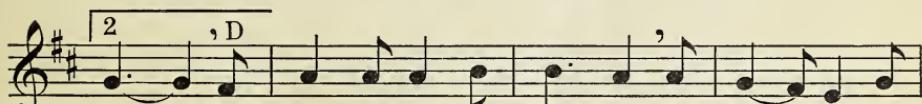
watch them slowly drift - ing, The dis-tant lands re - call - ing; Where
 nev - er miss the spring-time Or mer - ry birds a - call - ing. The



spic - y breez - es stray - ing Thro' orchards flow-er - la - den, A -
 si-lent snowflakes blow - ing Re - call the dis-tant coun - tries, Where



mong the bran - ches play - ing, Bring down the flow - er snow. When
 fra-grant winds are strow - ing The earth with blos-som



snow. When o'er the fields the snow-flakes Are fall - ing, are



fall - ing, My fancies are re - call - ing The land of blossom snow.

Near Autumn

Laurence Alma-Tadema

(T. M. III, p. 163)

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series

1. Red ap - ples in the leaves, Red Rob - in on the bough, The
 2. White foam a - long the sea, White mist up - on the dawn, No
 3. Black - bird is si - lent, lone, Black-ber - ry decks the spray; And

oats are all in sheaves; Where's sum - mer now?
 flow - er for the bee; 'Tis sum - mer gone.
 au-tumn's breath has blown Up - on the day.

The Month of December

Frederick H. Martens

Franz Reiter

1. Tho' flown a - far all the birds that sing In the summer time, in the
 2. Tho' bound in ice all the brooks that run On their laughing way 'neath a

mer-ry spring; To dis - tant lands tho' they be a-wing, Still I
 sum-mer sun; Tho' fros - ted webs on the panes be spun, Still I

love the month of De - cem-ber! Ro - ses red no lon-ger blow;

All the fields are white with driv - en snow; June may go for
 all of me, Since De - cem - ber brings the Christmas tree!

Ye Olden Christmas

(T. M. III, p. 165)

French Christmas Carol

Seymour Barnard

Allegro leggiero

1. Now comes the time for hol - ly And mis - tle - toe; Now comes the time for
 2. Now comes the time for laughter, For catch and jest; Let ca - pers fol-low

fol - ly, Bid wis - dom go. Hith - er, ye waits, And hie, ye mer - ry
 af - ter; To dance is best. Light, light of foot, A trip-trip-trip the

mummers! A gree - ting for all com - ers; Ye homeless strangers, ho!
 measure; While time al - low - eth pleasure, Trip - trip, thou wel - come guest.

Tree-Top Mornings

Ethelwyn Wetherald

(T. M. III, p. 166)

Peter Christian Lutkin
*Composed for this Series*Vivace
mf

1. How I like the tree - top morn - ings in the
 2. Oh, what fun on tree - top morn - ings in the



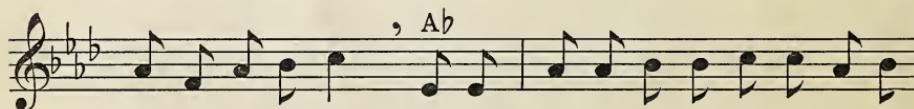
ear - ly, ear - ly spring! There's a stea-dy sound of roar-ing Like a
 ear - ly, ear - ly spring! When the wind is loud as thun-der, And it



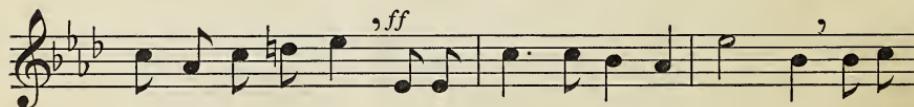
score of riv - ers pouring, Or a hun-dred gi-ants snor-ing, Or a
 snaps the boughs a - sun-der, And it lifts you up from un - der, Just to



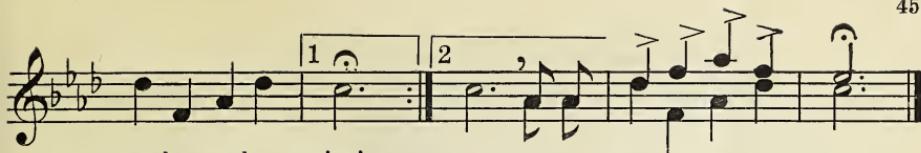
thousand birds up-soar-ing. There's a rat-tle as of bat-tle and a
 run zig - zag and won-der At the hur-ry and the scur-ry that such



sort of splendid swing Of the branches and the curtains and of
 win - dy mornings bring; At the flapping and the slapping of the



al-most ev - 'ry-thing. Oh, I love the tree-top morn - ings in the
 clothesline on the wing. Oh, I love the tree-top morn - ings in the



ear-ly, ear-ly spring!
ear-ly, ear-ly spring! In the ear-ly, ear-ly spring!

Robin Goodfellow

(T. M. III, p. 167)

Ancient English Song



From O - ber-on in fair - y - land, The King of Ghosts and



Shad - ows, there, Mad Rob - in, I, at his com - mand, Am



sent to view the night sports here. What rev - el rout is



kept a - bout In ev - 'ry cor - ner where I __ go? I



will o'er-see and mer - ry be, And make good sport with ho! ho! ho!

Naughty Lisette

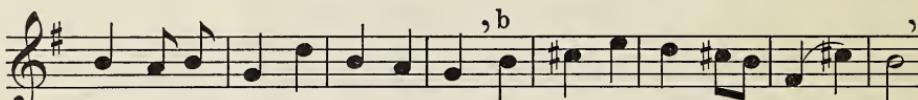
Abbie Farwell Brown
From the French

(T. M. III, p. 170)

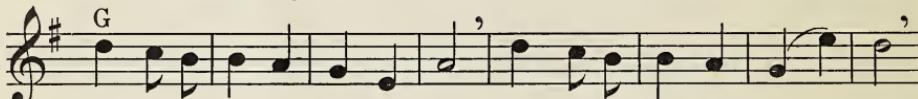
French Folk Song



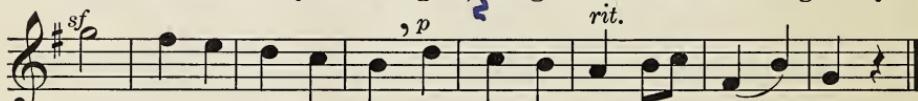
1. Leading my lambs thro' pastures wide, Skipping a - long so glad - ly,
2. "Lit - tle Lis-ette has eyes of blue, Hair that is bright and yel - low;



One lone-ly shepherd boy I spied, Who told his sto - ry sad - ly:
If she were on - ly kind and true, But she tor-ments a fel - low!



"Fair is Lis-ette and good to see, Sweet as the mea-dow po - sies;
Fair is Lis-ette they all a - gree, Though she is cold and haugh - ty.



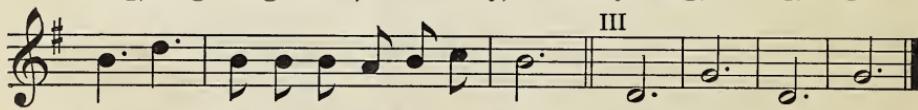
Ah! Full of pains to me, Like thorn-y bri - ar ro - ses.
No, nev - er fair to me, Lis - ette is cross and naugh - ty!"

Sing Together

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round
II

Sing, sing to - geth - er, Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly sing; Sing, sing to -



III

geth - er, Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly sing; Sing, sing, sing, sing.

The Fisherman's Prayer

Louise M. Bray

From the Swedish

(T. M. III, p. 168)

A. M. Myrberg

Poco Allegretto



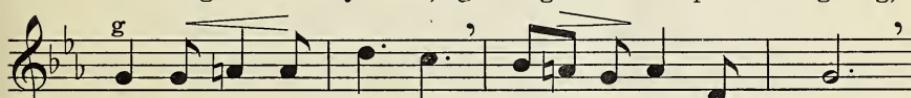
1. Si - lence o - ver all, while the moon her course is keep-ing,
 2. Si - lence on the deep, where the fish-er's boat is ly - ing;



Shi - ning bright and clear out of the mid - night sky;
 Wave - lets lap her keel, ligh - tly they sink to rest.



Moth - er Earth be low, bneath the heav'n-ly blue is sleep-ing;
 Sit - ting calm - ly there, gaz - ing in - to space and sigh-ing,



Count-less stars are peep - ing from their home on high.
 Swee - tly sings the boat-man, lulled on o - cean's breast.

Hear — my prayer!



Hear, hol - ly Father, my prayer! Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my prayer!



Fa - ther of fish - er folk, keep me 'neath Thy shelt'ring care.

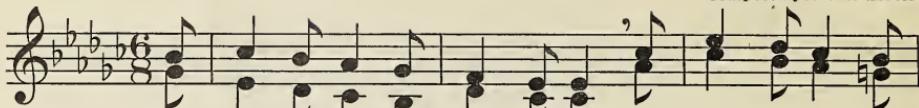
A Hymn

Laura E. Richards

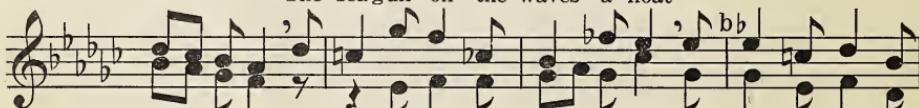
(T. M. III, p. 172)

Horatio Parker

Composed for this Series

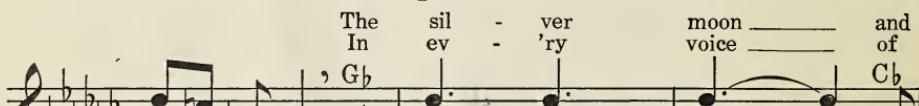


1. For all the pleasant things I see, I must give thanks, dear
 2. The rob - in in the leaf - y tree Sings, "Praise!" and "Praise!" and
 The bending sky, so blue, so bright,
 The sea gull on the waves a-float



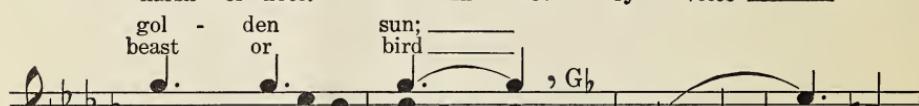
Lord, to Thee!
 "Praise to Thee!"

The sky so blue and bright, The dais-y meadows
 The gull on waves a-float Still utters "Praise!" with



green and white,
 harsh - er note.

The sil - ver moon _____ and
 In ev - 'ry voice _____ of
 Cb



gol - den
 beast or

sun; _____
 In ev - 'ry moon voice _____



and gol - den sun; _____ 'Tis Thou _____ hast
 of beast or bird _____ Their love _____ and
 made them _____ ev - 'ry one,
 thanks may _____ still be heard,



made, 'tis Thou hast made them ev - 'ry one, ev - 'ry one.
 thanks, their love and thanks may still be heard, still be heard.

The Dance of the Fairies

Ella Broes van Heekern

(T. M. III, p. 171)

E. R. Kroeger

Composed for this Series



1. The nigh-tin-gale sang, "O you fair - y band, Come mer - ri - ly
 2. The sol-emn gray owl in the old, old tree He winked and he



dance o'er the flow-er - y land, For the cres - cent moon hangs low to-
 blinked and said, "What do I see! In this twi - light dim my eyes are



night And the twin - kling stars will lend their light." Then
 bright; 'Tis the fire - fly's ball that's here to - night." Then



hand in hand they gay-ly swing, Each elf - in pair with gauz-y wing; A -



round they go in whirl - ing dance, Forward and backward and then advance.

The Seven Swan Ladies

Richard Aldington

(T. M. III, p. 174)

Walter Morse Rummel
Composed for this Series*Sadly, but not too slowly*

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics for this staff are: "Last night the flow'ring hay - fields lay thick and smooth and green; But a great ring now is bro - ken where the sil - ver wil - lows lean." The second staff continues in common time with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "For at dawn the Sev-en Swan A La - dies, who live in a tow - er of snow, Flew". The third staff begins in common time with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "down to the flow'r-ing hay-fields and danced in the morn-ing". The fourth staff begins in common time with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "glow. — Their white feet broke the". The fifth staff begins in common time with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "gras - ses and the red flowers and the gold;". The sixth staff continues in common time with a key signature of one flat.

A little slower

But we slept, and the Sev - en Swan La - dies

Flew home to the ice and the cold.

A Tree-Top Duet

(T. M. III, p. 176)

Marshall Bartholomew
*Composed for this Series**Animato*
mf

A bob - o - link and a chick-a - dee - dee Sang a

poco più lento

sweet du - et in an ap-ple tree. "When I'm in good voice," said the

chick-a - dee-dee, "I can sing like you to high C, high C. But I've

doloroso

, Eb

molto rit.

caught such a cold that for love or for gold, I can on - ly sing 'Chick-a -

animato

dee, Chick - a - dee!' I can on - ly sing 'Chick-a - dee-dee-dee!' "

Chapter VI: The Half-Note Beat

National Hymn

D. C. Roberts

(T. M. III, p. 177)

Horatio Parker

1. God of our fathers, whose al - migh - ty hand Leads forth in
 2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past; In this free
 3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti - lence Be Thy strong
 4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some way, Lead us from

beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shi - ning worlds in
 land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our rul - er,
 arm our ev - er sure de - fence; Thy true re - lig - ion
 night to nev - er - end-ing day; Fill all our lives with

splendor thro' the skies, Our grateful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
 guardian, guide, and stay, Thy word our law, Thy paths our chos - en way.
 in our hearts in - crease, Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
 love and grace di - vine, And glo - ry, laud, and praise be ev - er Thine.

Evening Hymn

Nellie Poorman

(T. M. III, p. 173)

J. Neander

- { Fa-ther in Heav-en, our voic - es are joy - ful - ly ring - ing,
 For all Thy kind-ness our thanks we are grate-ful-ly bring - ing;
- { Give us, O Fa-ther, the will to do right on the mor - row
 Thoughtful and lov - ing, may we bring our comrades no sor - row.

ff

Under Thy care safe shall we be ev-ry-where;
Oh, may we be ev-er-more pleas-ing to Thee;

Hear the glad hymns we are sing - - ing.
Of Thy great strength may we bor - - row.

Lead, Kindly Light

John Henry Newman

(T. M. III, p. 178)

John B. Dykes

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'encir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me

2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Should'st lead me

3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me

on! The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me

on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me

on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is

on! Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see

on! I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears,

gone; And with the morn those an-gel fac - es smile,

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.

Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years!

Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

Father and Friend

(T. M. III, p. 179)

John Bowring

Horatio Parker



1. Fa - ther and Friend, Thy light, Thy love, Beam-ing thro'
 2. Thy voice we hear, Thy pres - ence feel, Whilst Thou, too
 3. We know not in what hal - lowed part Of the wide
 4. Thy chil - dren shall not faint nor fear, Sus-tained by



all Thy works, we see; Thy glo-ry gilds the heav'n's a -
 pure for mor - tal sight, Involved in clouds, in - vis - i -
 heav'n's Thy throne may be; But this we know, that where Thou
 this de - light - ful thought: Since Thou, their God, art ev - 'ry -



bove, And all the earth is full of Thee.
 ble, Reign - est, the Lord of life and light.
 art, Strength, wis - dom, good - ness dwell with Thee.
 where, They can - not be where Thou art not.

Refrain for all stanzas

Thy glo - ry gilds the heav'n's a - bove, And



all the earth is full of Thee.

Chapter VII: More Advanced Song Forms

Kathleen Aroon

Mrs. Crawford

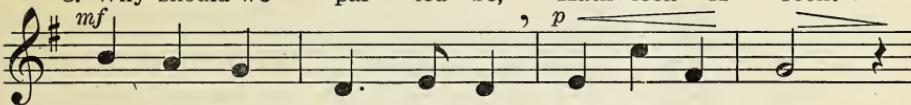
Andante.

(T. M. III, p. 180)

Franz Abt



1. Why should we par-ted be, Kathleen A-roon!
 2. Give me thy gen-tle hand, Kathleen A-roon!
 3. Why should we par-ted be, Kathleen A-roon!



When thy fond heart's with me? Kathleen A-roon!
 Come to the hap-py land, Kathleen A-roon!
 When thy fond heart's with me? Kathleen A-roon!



Come to those gol-den skies; Bright days for us may rise;
 Come o'er the waves with me; These hands shall toil for thee;
 Oh, leave these weep-ing skies, Where man a mar-tyr dies;

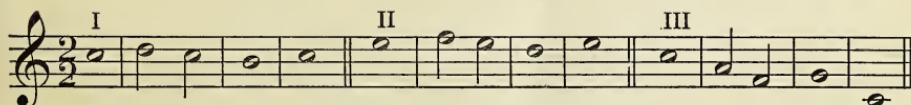


Oh, dry those tear-ful eyes, Kathleen A-roon!
 This heart will faith-ful be, Kathleen A-roon!
 Come, dry those weep-ing eyes, Kathleen A-roon!

White Sand and Gray

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round



White sand and gray sand; Who'll buy my gray sand? Who'll buy my white sand?

Cossack Song

Seymour Barnard

(T. M. III, p. 180)

Russian Folk Song

1. Trot! Trot! Trot! Men and horse a lus - ty lot! Fly! Fly! Fly! Fly!
 2. Trot! Trot! Trot! Ev - er on-ward, pausing not! Beat!Beat!Beat!Beat!

Fighting legions ri - ding by! Cos - sack, Cos - sack, Whith-er ride thy
 I - ron hoof on ci - ty street! Cos - sack, Cos - sack, Naught thy ri - ding

hordes a-way? Ev - er on - ward, Ev - er on-ward, night and day!
 hosts can stay, Rush - ing on - ward, Ev - er on-ward, far a-way!

The Singers of the Sea

Josephine Pollard

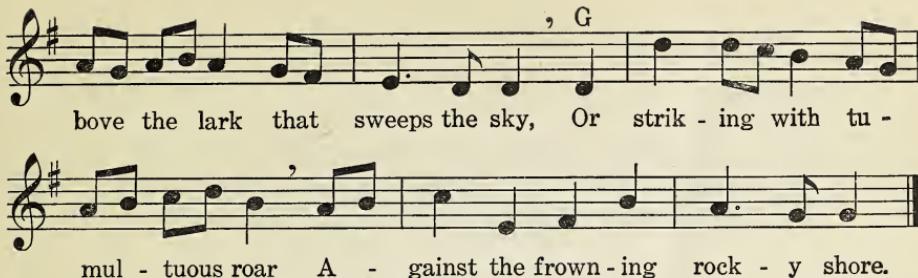
(T. M. III, p. 182)

English Folk Song

Oh, ma - ny voic - es has the sea! A cho - rus of rare

mel - o - dy. The sol - emn bass, the ligh - ter tone, Are

blent in tune-ful u - ni-son, With - out a D discord; sounding high A -



The Lincolnshire Poacher

Traditional

(T. M. III, p. 182)

English Folk Song

Jovially

1. When I was bound ap-pren-tice boy In fairest Lin-coln - shire, Full
2. Suc - cess to ev - 'ry gen - tle-man That lives in Lin-coln - shire! Suc -

well I served my mas - ter For more than sev - en year;— Till
cess to ev - 'ry poach - er That wants to sell a hare!— Bad

I took up to poach - ing, As you shall quick-ly hear. Oh! 'tis
luck to ev - 'ry keep - er That will not sell his deer! Oh! 'tis

my de-light on a shi-ning night, In the sea - son of the year!—

A Word

May Morgan

(T. M. III, p. 183)

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

Moderato *p*

A word's a grievous thing A - cross the world to go, To
find a merry heart And leave it full of woe. A word's a gladsome thing To
travel swift as light, To find a heavy heart And leave it gay and bright.

The Old Apple Tree

Nathan Haskell Dole

(T. M. III, p. 184)

Folk Song

Vivo *p*

1. Lone - ly by the orchard side, Where the land sweeps free and wide,
2. O - ver it the lus-ty Spring Fra - grant gar - lands used to fling;
Stands the old tree, gnarled and dried, Once the farmer's joy and pride;
Still the rob - ins gay - ly sing, Tho' no leaves to branches cling.
Now its glo - ry's crown has died. Why could not its joy a - bide?
Now 'tis on - ly good to bring To the fire-place, poor old thing!

The Nightingale

(T. M. III, p. 184)

Traditional

English Folk Song

With sadness

1. My love he was a far-mer's son, hm, hm, hm, When
2. His fa - ther did con - trive it so, hm, hm, hm, That
3. The four-teenth of No - vem - ber last, hm, hm, hm, The
4. The ve - ry night my love was lost, hm, hm, hm, Ap -
5. "O love - ly Nan - cy, cease sur-prise, hm, hm, hm; In
6. I raised my head with star - tled cry, hm, hm, hm; His
7. My fa-ther's dwell-ing I'll for-sake, hm, hm, hm, And

first my ten-der heart he won, hm, hm, hm; His love to me he
 this young lad to sea should go, hm, hm, hm; He told the press-gang
 wind it blew a bit - ter blast, hm, hm, hm; My love was in the
 peared to me his dead - ly ghost, hm, hm, hm, In sail - or's dress and
 Biscay's Bay my bo - dy lies, hm, hm, hm, With all my mates who
 pal-lid ghost from me did fly, hm, hm, hm; I lit - tle tho't when
 far a - way my way I'll take, hm, hm, hm; By lonesome wood or

did re - veal, hm, hm, hm, But lit - tle tho't of the Nigh-tin-gale.
 not to fail, hm, hm, hm, To press my love for the Nigh-tin-gale.
 dreadful gale, hm, hm, hm, And he went down in the Nigh-tin-gale.
 vis-age pale, hm, hm, hm, And told his fate in the Nigh-tin-gale.
 once set sail, hm, hm, hm, On board the ill - fa - ted Nigh-tin-gale."
 he set sail, hm, hm, hm, He'd end his days in the Nigh-tin-gale.
 dis-tant vale, hm, hm, hm, I'll mourn his fate in the Nigh-tin-gale.

New Year's Song

Kate Louise Brown

C. Meister

mf

1. Calm is the win - ter's night; Stars in the heav - ens bright
 2. White is his an - cient head, Heav - y his sol - emn tread;
 3. Who,crowned with gol - den locks, Now at the por - tal knocks,

Shine cold and clear. Who seeks the mid-night gate, Wan - der - ing
 Par - tings are near. Well has he served us all, Well may we
 Bring - ing good cheer? "O - pen, my friend, and see, I have great

cresc.

far and late? No lon - ger can he wait, Wea - ry Old Year.
 fond - ly call, "Blessings up - on thee fall, Faith - ful Old Year."
 gifts for thee; O - pen and wel-come me, Hap - py New Year."

In the Lists

Seymour Barnard

(T. M. III, p. 181)

Ancient Gaelic Song

Maestoso

Knight er - rant bold,with a crest of gold; Young gal - lant
 gay, with a plume of gray; Or black knight dread,with a gui - don



red; Who'll vic - tor be in the lists to - day?

Patriotic Hymn

May Morgan

(T. M. III, p. 186)

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series



1. O land our fa - thers loved and served, And
 2. With fer - vor deep and joy - ous praise, Un -
 3. May jus - tice be thy con - stant guide, And
 4. From foes with - out and foes with - in, From



by their loy - al - ty preserved, May we to thee as
 to our fa - thers' God we raise A prayer that thou mayst
 pu - ri - ty with thee a - bide; May peace and plen - ty
 lust of pow'r and se - cret sin, God keep thee safe from



faith - ful prove And thee as tru - ly
 ev - er be A ref - uge for the
 ev - er - more On thee their bless - ings
 year to year, O Fa - ther - land most



love, And thee as tru - ly love.
 free, A ref - uge for the free.
 pour, On thee their bless - ings pour.
 dear, O Fa - ther - land most dear.

The Fountain and the Birds

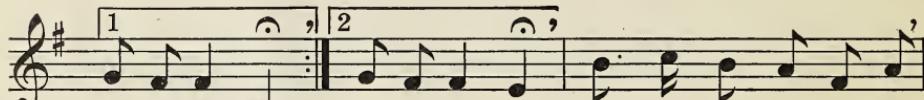
Ethel B. Howard

(T. M. III, p. 186)

Swedish Folk Song



1. { See the crys - tal, sparkling fountain play, High a - loft a veil of
 See, a - cross the lawn, a rainbow spray, Trembling bright, on ev 'ry
 2. { See the flit - ting, chirping songsters gay, Round the fountain brim in
 Birds will lin - ger here the live-long day, Swee - tly with the fall - ing



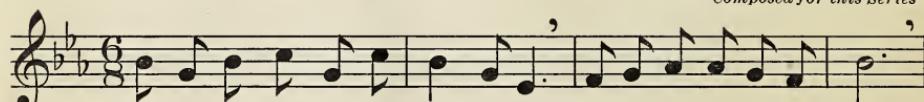
sil - ver fling - ing; blade is cling - ing. Tin - kling foun-tains, flash - ing,
 cir - cles wing - ing; wa-ters sing - ing. Feath - 'ry wings are drip - ping,



Fall in sil - ver splashing, Drops of diamonds dashing In the sun - light.
 Dain - ty breasts are dipping, Ti - ny bills are sip - ping In the sun - light.

Back of the Bread

(T. M. III, p. 187)

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

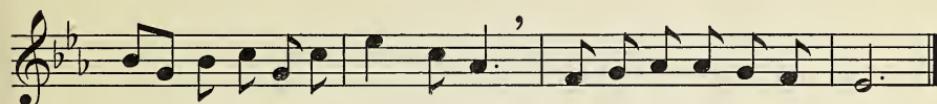
Back of the bread is the snow - y flour; Back of the flour is the mill;



Back of the mill the growing wheat Nods on the breez - y hill;



O-ver the whea is the glowing sun, Rip'ning the heart of the grain; A-



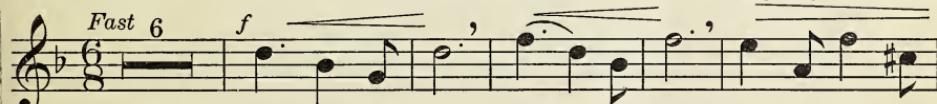
bove the sun is the gracious God, Sending the sunlight and rain.

Song of the Winds

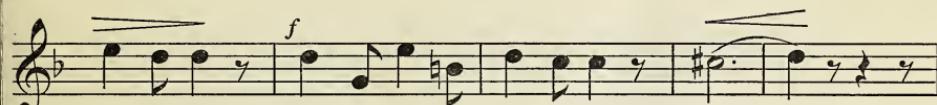
May Morgan

(T. M. III, p. 188)

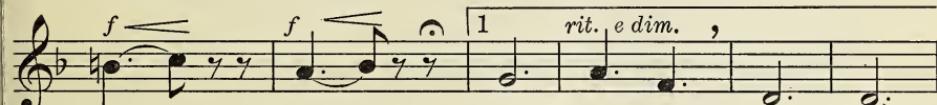
W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series



1. Blow, north wind, blow! Bring—the snow! Bring the bright and
2. Blow, south wind, blow! Melt—the snow! Bring a-gain the

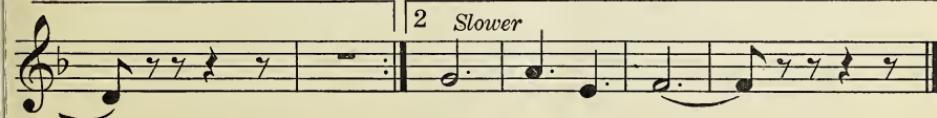


fros - ty days; Bring the ska - ting and the sleighs; Blow!—
humming bees; Bring the birds and budding trees; Blow!—



Blow!— Blow!— Blow, north wind, blow!—
Blow!— Blow!—

2 Slower



Blow, south wind, blow!—

Winter Clouds

Margaret Aliona Dole

(T. M. III, p. 189)

Folk Song

Tempo di marcia

1. Clouds are roll - ing fast a - cross the win - ter sky,
 2. How the sun - light fil - ters thro' the clouds of gold,

Balls of film - y down, like swans, are floa - ting by -
 O - ver val - leys deep and mountains high up - rolled!

f Ab

Birds, that glide a - long a riv - er, wild and free,
 On the fields of snow the creep-ing shad - ows fall -

Or like gulls when res - ting on a great blue sea;
 Shad - ows blue of tree and cloud and moun - tain wall;

f

Bright their soft white feath-ers gleam as forth they fly!
 Yet the cloud and sky and sun-light are too cold!

PART TWO

Chapter VIII: The Introduction of Three-Part Singing

Prayer

George Jay Smith

Ludwig van Beethoven

Not too fast

p

O Heav'ny Fa-ther, grant to us the bless-ing Of Thy com- , D

p

pas - sion, peace, and love! And may Thy kindness our lives be ca -

ress - ing With warmth and joy and sun-shine from a - bove!

Song of the Brook

May Morgan

Paul Bliss
Composed for this Series

1. If I could on - ly un - der - stand The song the brook - let sings,
 2. I'd hear of fish that dart a - bout, Of flow'rs in mea - dows green;



I'm ve - ry sure that I should hear Of ma - ny wondrous things:— Of
 I'd hear of fays that dance at night A - round their love-ly queen.— If



ferns and mos - ses on a rock Be - side a mountain spring;— Of
 I could on - ly un - der - stand The song the brook - let sings, — I'm



A musical score for 'The Little Robin' featuring two staves of music with lyrics. The lyrics are: 'birds that flut-ter down and drink And then fly up to sing. ve - ry sure that I should hear Of ma - ny won-drous things.' The music consists of two staves of eight measures each, with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp.

Good Night

Ethel B. Howard

H. J. Dryer

Adagio

mf.

1. Twi - light fades;
2. Eve - ning star,
3. Si - lent town;

Vel - vet shades
Bright a - far,
God looks down:

• ω_{II} ,

Twi-light fades;
Eve-ning star,
Si - lent town.

Vel-vet
Bright a
God looks

Sof - tly veil the hills and glades.
guides our feet where home lights are.
—t He gives, day's work to crown.

Sof - tly veil hills and glades.
Guides us where home lights are.
Rest he gives, work to crown.

The Dandelions

Helen Gray Cone

(T. M. III, p. 190)

George W. Chadwick
Composed for this Series

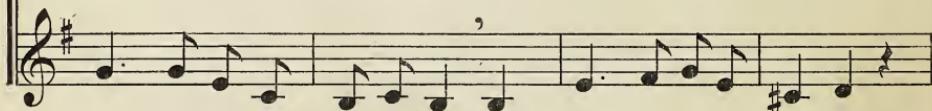
Allegretto



1. Up - on a show'ry night and still, With - out a sound of warn-ing, A
 2. We care - less folk the deed for - got, Till one day, i - dly walk-ing, We



troop - er band sur - prised the hill, And held it in the morn-ing.
 marked up - on the self-same spot A __ crowd of vet'rans talk-ing;



We were not wak'd by bu-ble notes; N *mountain-songs in-va-ded*; And
 They shook their trembling heads and gray With pride and noiseless slaughter, When



yet at dawn their yel-low coats On the green slope pa - ra - ded.
 well a - day, they blew a-way, And we ne'er met them af - ter.

Yet their
 When they

Fair is the Summer

Abbie Farwell Brown

Minnelied

1. There grew three ro - ses on a tree; Fair is the summer! The
 2. Though long the win - ter - time may be, Fair is the summer! When

nigh-tin-gale sang loud and free; Fair is the sum-mer!
 sings the heart in you and me, Fair is the sum-mer!

I Dream in Quiet Sadness

A. J. Foxwell

Lento

mf

C. W. von Gluck

1. I dream in quiet sadness;
 2. The hours of youth, how fleeing!
 3. Yet here I fain would linger,
 4. While thus, in silent watching,

Dream of the days long past; Of days when the spirit of
 Soon do its joys decay; Like foam on the billow re-
 Mu-sing on what has been, Ere time with its all smoothing
 Back-ward my tho'ts I cast, A gleam of delight I am

glad-ness Said of care that it could not
 trea-ting, Or as clouds in a sum-mer
 fin-ger Shall e-rase ev-ry mark now
 catch-ing From my dream of the days long

pp

The Spring

THREE-PART ROUND

Dr. Hayes

1

2

3

1

To the Old Long Life

THREE-PART ROUND

Samuel Webbe

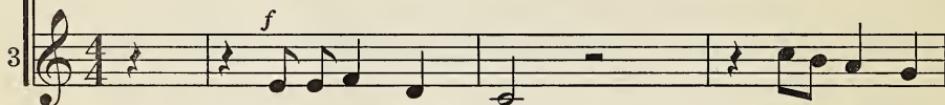
Vivace

f

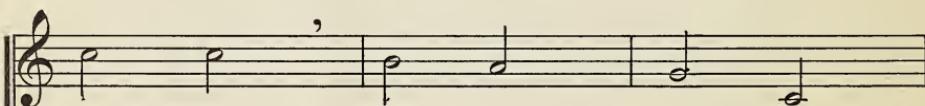
To the old, to the old long life and



Long life and treasure; To the young, to the



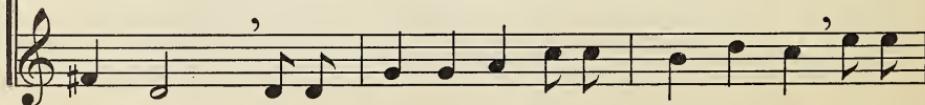
To the young all health, all health and



treas - ure; to the old long



young all health, all health and pleas - ure; to the



pleas - ure; To the fair their face, with e - ter - nal grace, and the

life and treas - ure; to the old long

young all health and pleas - ure; to the young all

ug - ly be lov'd at lei - sure; to the

life, to the old long life and treas - ure; to the

health and p:leas-ure; to the young all health, to the

fair, _____ to the fair, to the

old long life, long life and treasure. 2

young all health and pleas - ure; to the young all health and pleasure. 3

fair their face, with e - ter - nal grace, and the ug - ly be lov'd at leisure. 1

The Forest Concert

Alice C. D. Riley

Franz Abt

1. Oh, Mis - tress Spring a con - cert gives, Throws wide the for - est

2. The Gold - finch and the Whip-poor-will, The Star-ling and the

hall. Po - lite - ly she in - vites her guests And welcomes one and

Thrush Pour forth their hearts in ser - e - nades Up - on the eve - ning

all. Then Mis - tress Lark a so - lo sings And trills a - way in
hush. And af - ter dark the Nigh-tin-gale Doth sing so sweet a

G, While Mis - ter Cuck - oo from the bush Doth ech - o ar - den -
tune That all the world drinks mel - o - dy, The mel - o - dy of

In G, _____ so ar - den - tly.
Of June, _____ the song of June.

tly; While Mis-ter Cuck - oo from the bush Doth ech - o ar - den - tly.
June; That all the world drinks mel - o - dy, The mel - o - dy of June.

The Comet

Oliver Wendell Holmes

(T. M. III, p. 192)

Margaret Ruthven Lang
*Composed for this Series*Andantino
mf

The com-et! He is on his way, And sing-ing as he flies; The

*sfz*

whizzing planets shrink be-fore The spec-tre of the skies. Ah!

sfz*Broad*

well may re-gal orbs burn blue, And satellites turn pale; Ten mil-lion



cu-bic miles of head! _____ Ten billion leagues of tail! _____

Chairs to Mend

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round



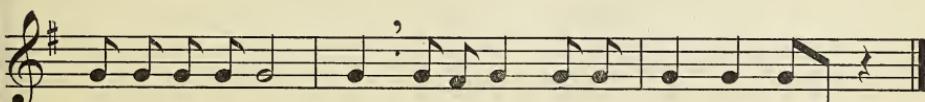
Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend; rush or canebottom'd, old chairs to mend, old



chairs to mend! New mack - er - el, new mack-er - el, new



mack - er - el, new mack - er - el! Old rags, a - ny old rags; take



mon-ey for your old rags; a - ny hare skins or rab - bit skins!

The Evening Bells

M. Louise Baum

Franz Abt

1. The eve - ning bells are call - ing To still the toil of
 2. The stars be - gin to wan - der A - cross the az - ure
 3. Se - rene the moon comes soar - ing A - bove the si - lent

day, And sof - tlier yet is fall - ing The sun-set's mel - low
 heights; From shi - ning deeps up yon - der They draw their faith - ful
 wold; A - cross the dark - ness pour - ing Her ra - diant roy - al

ray. On wings of peace the dark draws nigh, To
 lights. They say our Fa - ther reigns a - bove And
 gold. So o'er our dark - est hour shall rise Pure

On wings of peace - the ther
 They say our Fa - est

hide our earth from Heav-en's eye; Yet safe in God's own
 calls our hearts to Him in love; His ten - der care shall
 peace and sol - ace from the skies; For oh, with God's own

sight Shall rest the bles - sed night; The
 keep His chil - dren while they sleep; His
 light Shall shine the bles - sed night; With

rests in
 keeps us
 shines the

bles - sed night in God's own sight.
 ten - der care keeps while we sleep.
 God's own light the bles - sed night.

The Voice of Evening

C. M. von Weber

1. Sof - tly sighs the voice of eve - ning,
 2. Through the dark blue vault of e - ther,

through reigns B f E,

Steal - ing, steal - ing through yon wil - low grove;
 Si - lence, si - lence reigns with sooth - ing power;

While the stars, like guar - dian spir - its,
 But a storm o'er yon - der moun - tain

watch, their nightly
dar - kly brooding

81

Set their watch, their watch a - bove, their watch a - bove.
Dar - kly seems, now seems to lower, now seems to lower.

Mother Dear

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the Norwegian

Norwegian Folk Song

1. Moth-er, moth-er dear, When the night is near, When the rud-dy sun is Then your lov-ing care Makes a ten-der prayer; Then of me your heart is
2. Moth-er, moth-er dear, When the day is here, While you count the hours with- Then your ten-der heart Thinks of me a-part; Still you weave a dream a -
3. Moth-er, moth-er dear, Whether far or near, Well I know you'll ne-ver Moth-er love will be Ev - er near to me, When the bit - ter days as-

sink-ing,
think-ing.
out me,
bout me.
fail me.
sail me.

Gen - tle stars in heav-en Shine up - on my sleep;
Oh, what sweet ro - man-ces Of her child a - far!
Love goes on for - ev - er, I shall not for - get;

p

rit. , a tempo

p

rit. , a tempo

Sing, O Sing

Dora Read Goodall

Mary Turner Salter
Composed for this Series

Allegretto
mf

Sing, O sing To the spring! What did A - pril bring? She

A musical score for a solo voice and piano, featuring six staves of music and corresponding lyrics. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics describe April showers bringing various flowers and a rainbow, followed by a call to sing about the spring.

brought us vi - o - lets blue and shy; She brought us wind-flow'r's

white and frail; She brought a warm and ten - der sky And

life in ev - 'ry____ gale. Sing, O sing

To the spring! These and more did A - pril bring.

Barcarolle

Nellie Poorman

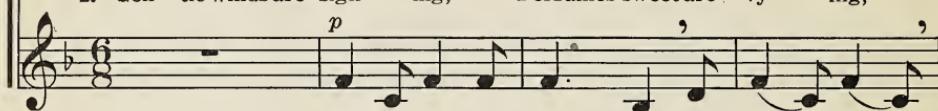
From the Norwegian

Poco Andante

Halldan Kjerulff



1. Mis - ty stars are gleam - ing, Sil - ver moonlight beam - ing;
 2. Gen - tle winds are sigh - ing, Perfumes sweet are vy - ing;



Mis - ty stars are gleam - ing, are gleam - ing;
 Gen - tle winds are sigh - ing, are sigh - ing;



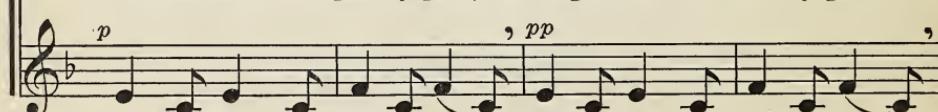
Boats are slow - ly drift - ting, O - ver wa - ters dream - ing.
 All in joy - ous beau - ty Mag - ic hours are fly - ing.



Boats are slow - ly drift - ting, Slow - ly drift - ting.
 All in joy - ous beau - ty, Joy - ous beau - ty.



Wave - lets dance and rip - ples glance; Earth is in - a gol - den trance.
 On the tide we gen - tly glide, Moonlight soft our on - ly guide.



mf

Haste, I pray, and yield to eve - ning's mys - tic
Man - do - lins are sof - tly tin - kling ser - e -

mf

Haste, I pray, and yield to eve - ning's
Man - do - lins are sof - tly tin - kling

p

sway. Night time is the right time; Soon comes the day.
nades. Meas - ure now the pleas - ure, Night quick - ly fades.

mys - tic sway. Night time is the right time; Soon comes the day.
ser - e - nades. Meas - ure now the pleas - ure, Night quick - ly fades.

Early to Bed

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round

I

II

III

Ear - ly to bed and ear - ly to rise, Makes a man

healthy and wealthy and wise. Wise, healthy, and wealth - y!

Chapter IX: Four Equal Notes to a Beat

Love's Power

Nellie Poorman

Johann Franz Herbeck

1. Where love casts a po - tent spell, Sweet
 2. As van - ish the shades of night Be -

joy and beau - ty ev - er dwell; A - beau - ty be -
 fore the dawn of ra - diant light, So - van - ish our

yond com - pare, A - joy that knows no care.
 gloom - y fears, When love, sweet love ap - pears.

Cradle Song

Claudius

(T. M. III, p. 194)

Franz Schubert

1. Slum - ber, slum - ber, ten - der lit - tle flow - er,
 2. Slum - ber, slum - ber, lit - tle fa - ded flow - er,
 3. Slum - ber, slum - ber, lit - tle an - gel flow - er,

Mother's lov-ing care doth a - round thee twine; Sweet and rest - ful
 Still doth moth - er's love a - round thee glow; Stron-ger is it
 Tho' thou li - est 'neath the mos - sy sod, Thou shalt wake in

be - this hour, Sooth-ing fall this lul - la - by of mine.
 than death's power, Guar-ding thee wher - e'er thy spir - it go.
 ro - sy bow-er; Ro - ses grow a - round the throne of God.

The Minuet

(T. M. III, p. 195)

W. A. Mozart

1. When dames wore hoops and powdered hair, And ve - ry strict was
 2. O - ver his la - dy's outstretch'd hand Each gal-lant bents right

et - i - quette, When men were brave and ladies fair, They danc'd the min-u - et.
 grace-ful-ly; Gra - cious of mien, with manner grand, She sweeps a cour-te - sy.

Slip - pers, highheeled with poin - ted toe, Trod state-ly measures to and fro.
 Our whirl-ing steps of mod-ern days Those lords and la - dies would a - maze,

Quite de-mure, sedate, and bow-ing low They danced the min - u - et.
 Yet the min - u - et we still must praise For grace and dig - ni - ty.

Brave of Heart and Warriors Bold

(T. M. III, p. 196)

Ancient Dalecarlian March

1. Brave of heart and warriors bold, Were the Swedes from time un - told;
 2. Song of ma-ny a thou-sand year Rings thro'wood and val - ley clear;

Breasts for hon - or — ev - er warm, Youthful strength in he-ro arm!
 Pic - ture thou of wa - ters wild, Yet as tears of mourning mild.



Blue eyes bright Dance with light, For thy dear green val - leys old.
 To the rhyme Of past time, Blend all hearts and lists each ear.



North! thou gi - ant limb of earth, With thy friend-ly, homely hearth!
 Guard the songs of Swe - dish lore, Love and sing them ev - er-more.

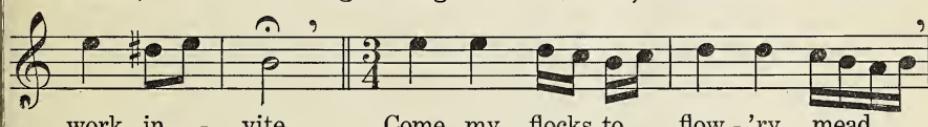
Bosnian Shepherd's Song

(T. M. III, p. 197)

Bosnian Folk Song



1. Moun-tains bathed in morn - ing light; Lark's sweet lays to
 2. Maid, than sun - light brig - ter far, Fair - er than the



work in - vite. Come my flocks, to flow - 'ry mead
 morn - ing star; Lips of hon - ey, cheeks of rose,



Shall your lov-ing shep - herd lead. Come my flocks, to
 Fare ye well till day - light's close! Lips of hon - ey,



flow - 'ry mead Shall your lov-ing shep - herd lead.
 cheeks of rose, Fare ye well till day - light's close!

In Ocean Cave

Alice C. D. Riley
From the Swedish

(T. M. III, p. 198)

Swedish Folk Song

Moderato *p*

1. Lo! the Sea - King lies in splendor deep in o - cean cave, crys - tal
 2. Lo! the Sea - King sweeps his harp strings wildy to a tune, wild - ly
 3. Lo! the Sun - King rides in glo - ry thro'the morn-ing sky, gilds the

o - cean cave. Lo! the mer - maids comb their flo - ting, sea - green
 throbbing tune. Love - ly Fre - ya hears his call and an - swers
 morn - ing sky. Lo! the Moon pales, drops her lan - tern deep where

p

locks and sing 'neath the o - cean wave. Down and down the Moon her
 with her rune, soft and ten - der rune. Hark! a - cross the wave the
 cor - als lie, deep where cor - als lie. Hushed are now the songs, the

F mf

sil - ver lan - tern swings While a mys - tic rune my La - dy Fre - ya sings
 ech - o rolls a - long! There in o - cean cave the Sea - King hears her song
 songs of mer - maids fair. Where is Fre - ya hid to comb her gol - den hair?

p d

Sings of pearls, white in milk - y sheen. O La - dy Fre - ya, while your
 Song of pearls, white in milk - y sheen. O La - dy Fre - ya, while your
 Hark! ah hark! still her love - ly song Floats o'er the wa - ter, ech - oes

poco più lento

locks you preen, Sing, sing your song of love - li - ness un - seen!
 locks you preen, Sing, sing your song of love - li - ness un - seen!
 faint and long! O La - dy Fre - ya, sweet your love - ly song!

Dream and Snowflake

William S. Lord

Molto tranquillo

(T. M. III, p. 200)

Maurice Moszkowski
Composed for this Series

1. Dear lit-tle boy, my lit-tle boy, So sleep - y, So sleep - y!
 2. Dear lit-tle boy, my lit-tle boy, So sleep - y, So sleep - y!
 3. Dear lit-tle boy, my lit-tle boy, So sleep - y, So sleep - y!

See the soft de - scen-ding snow Glanc-ing, danc-ing to and fro,
 Close thine eyes; Dost thou not see Vis - ions fair as fair can be?
 Dreams and snowflakes downward fly; Soon, too soon, they bid good - by,

Just to pleas-ure thee, I know, Dear lit-tle boy,
 They are dreams come down to thee, Dear lit-tle boy,
 Kiss the earth and mount the sky, Dear lit-tle boy,

1 & 2 3 pp

my lit-tle boy, So sleep - y, so sleep-y!
 my lit-tle boy, So sleep - y, so sleep-y! sleep-y, so sleep-y!

Theme

From *The Sixth Symphony*

Ludwig van Beethoven

Allegro ma non troppo

Sleep, My Child

Ann Underhill

(T. M. III, p. 202)

Minnelied

Mässig langsam

Now close your eyes, my lit - tle child; Sleep, sleep,
 soft and warm. The snow lies deep, the wind is wild,
 rit. a tempo
 Lie still and dream Till morning's beam; Sleep safe from cold and storm.

Marching Song

M. Louise Baum

Folk Song

1. { The winds of March are call-ing loud, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah!
 They sweep the blue all clean of cloud, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah!
 2. { The icebound brook has bro-ken loose, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah!
 For sluggards now there's no ex - cuse, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah!

So leave the stu - pid house a-while, We'll all go march-ing
 Let shoulder true by shoulder swing, While breez - es tou - sle,
 mile on mile; A - march-ing, a - march - ing, A - marching mile on
 tease, and sting; A - march-ing, a - march - ing, A - marching mile on

mile. Hur - rah, hur - rah, tra la la la la la! Hur - rah, hur - rah, tra
 la la la la la! A - marching, a - marching, a - marching mile on mile!

Nightingale, Sweet Nightingale

J. S. Stallybrass

(T. M. III, p. 203)

Russian Folk Song

1. Nigh - tin - gale, sweet nigh - tin - gale, Wild - ly war - bling
 2. Once you lov'd to sing to me, Once my heart was

nigh - tin - gale! Whith - er would you wing your flight,
 fresh and free; Now to me that cru - el strain

What young heart make glad to - night? Nigh - tin - gale,
 Calls those qui - et hours a - gain. Nigh - tin - gale,

nigh - tin - gale, Swee - tly mourn-ful nigh - tin - gale!

At the Forge

Seymour Barnard
From the French

(T. M. III, p. 204)

V. Miry



At the forge, fellows! Blow, blow ye bel-lows! Steel so stout, glow-ing,
Blow the forge, fellows! Roar, roar ye bel-lows! Now the base met-al



Yields, yields to you. Fire, the old foe-man, Aid - eth thy blow, man;
Glows like a star. Then, your sledge ply-ing, Stars, stars are fly - ing,



Tem-pests here prisoned, Man's work shall do. Then swing ye, ring ye,
Me - te - ors ti - ny Near and a - far. Then swing ye, swing ye,



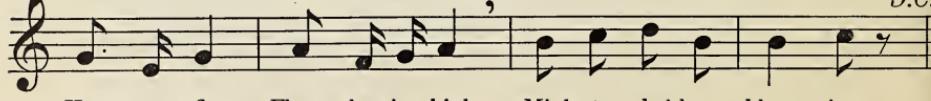
Sparks fling ye! Haste ere the har - vest is past. Then
Sparks, wing ye! Joy giv-eth strength to the blow. Then



swing ye, ring ye, Steel bring ye! Friends are the fire and the blast.
swing ye, swing ye, Stars fling ye! Long as the met - al shall glow.



Met - al rude, Shape - less and crude, On our forge is glow - ing;



Ham - mers fly; Flames leaping high; Migh - ty bel-lows blow - ing.

D.C.

The Bird Catcher

Virginia Baker

(T. M. III, p. 206)

W. A. Mozart

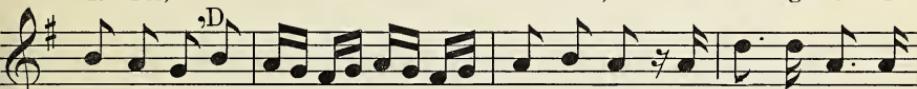
From *The Magic Flute*

Allegretto

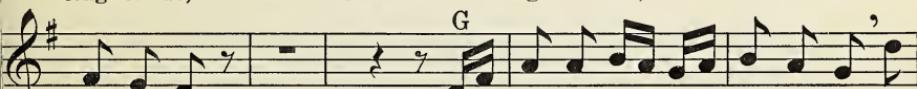
mf



1. A— gay bird catcher— here am I. I— lure the birds from
 2. Yes, I can call them from the air, But something else I

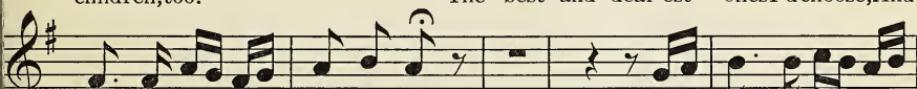


bush and tree. I swee-ly whis-tle, "Tweet,tweet,tweet!" And on swift wings they
 long to do; I wish I had a mag-ic net, So I could catch sweet



fly to me.
 children, too.

By young and old thro'- out the land My
 The best and dear-est ones I'd choose, And,



name and fame a - like are known;
 if they kind - ly—smiled at me,

I'm al - ways hap - py,
 I'd give them sug - ar,



al - ways gay, Be - cause the birds are all my own.
 sweet, to eat, And oh, how hap - py we should be!

3

Theme

From *Die Meistersinger*

Richard Wagner



Before I Open Drowsy Eyes

Abbie Farwell Brown

Georg Schumann
Composed for this Series

1. Be - fore I o - pen drow - sy eyes, The lit - tle Morning
 2. They wake so ear - ly in the day, That as the morning

Glo - ries rise To climb their lad - ders, green and tall, That
 wears a - way, They droop all sleep - y - eyed; you see I

lean up - on the gar - den wall. They long to reach the
 know, it is the same with me. Their heads be - gin to

A♭ *cresc.*

top — and find What sights are hid-den there behind; But nev-er one can nod — and swing, They cannot climb, they can-not cling; Sleeping they tumble

climb so high; They al-ways fail and this is why:
off, and then They must be-gin to climb a - gain.

Theme

From *Oberon*

C. M. von Weber

It Was ~~A~~ Lover ~~of~~ His Lass

William Shakespeare

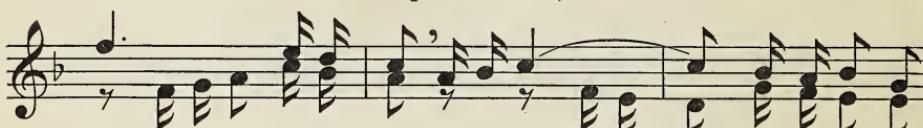
(T. M. III, p. 207)

Adapted from Thomas Morley

Allegretto

mf

1. It was a lov - er and his lass,
2. This car - ol they be - gan that hour, With a hey and a ho, And a
3. And there-fore take the pres-ent time,



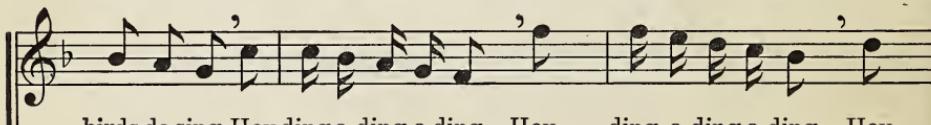
hey, and a hey non-ny no, And a hey, and a hey non-ny non-ny



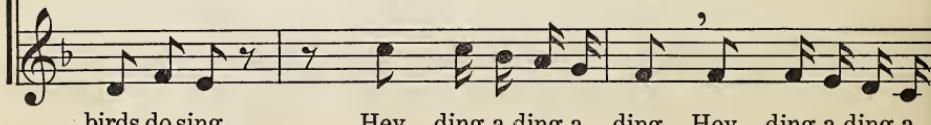
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
no, How that a life was but a flow'r, In spring-time, In
For love is crown-ed with the prime,



spring-time, In spring-time, The on - ly pretty ring time, When



When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey



Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a

poco rall.

Sing a ding a ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring.
ding ding ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring.

Glassy Lake

Nathan Haskell Dole

(T. M. III, p. 209)

Folk Song

Andantino

1. Lake, lake, glassy lake! Paddles on the lake Az-ure ripples make;
2. Lake, lake, glassy lake! On the ice o - opaque Mer-ry skaters take

While the wooded shores' re - flections Dance a - way in all di - rec-tions,
Winding ways that free - ly wan-der To the dis-tant shore line yon-der,

Laugh-ing ech - oes wake On thy shores, O lake!
Where the ech - oes wake All a - round the lake.

Theme

From *The Second Symphony*

Ludwig van Beethoven

Allegro con brio

When I Go Out on My Wheel

A. J. Waterhouse

(T. M. III, p. 210)

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

wheel

When I go out on my wheel, my wheel, The town fades a - way;

Fades a - way in - to stretches of brown, And I hear the murmur of

brooks that run Thro'the sha - dy nooks till they greet the sun, till they

greet the sun. And it's ho, o - ho! for the joy I feel As I

ride, as I glide on my steed of steel; And the day and its mo-ments are

all di-vine, As I ride on my wheel and the world is mine.

The Trout

(T. M. III, p. 211)

Franz Schubert

A. J. Foxwell
Adapted by Seymour Barnard

p

1. A crys - tal stream was gli - ding, And gay - ly did it run, Now
 2. I watched the brook - let flow - ing, I watched the fish - es gleam; I
 3. The fish - er - man, de - fea - ted, De - vised an - oth - er plan; The

deep in thic - kets hi - ding, Now flash - ing in the sun. A
 saw an an - gler throw - ing His bait up - on the stream. The
 spec - kled trout he chea - ted As clev - er an - glers can. He

mid its lights and shad - ows A spec - kled trout did play; And
 trout would dear - ly love it, But through the wa - ters clear, He
 dipped his rod and drew it To foul the crys - tal brook; The

res - ting in the mea - dows, I watched it start and stay; And
 saw the man a - bove it, And kept a - way in fear; He
 trout, be - fore he knew it, Was fast up - on the hook; The

res - ting in the mea - dows, I watched it start and stay.
 saw the man a - bove it, And kept a - way in fear.
 trout, be - fore he knew it, Was fast up - on the hook.

Chapter X: Four Tones Ascending Chromatically

The Bluebirds

George Cooper

(T. M. III, p. 213)

Myles B. Foster
Composed for this Series

Joyfully

1. A mist of green on the wil-low; A flash of blue—mid the
2. The snowdrop peeps to the sunlight, Where last year's leaves long have

mf

mf

cresc.

rain;— And the brisk wind pipes, And the brook-let stripes With
lain;— And the flu-ted song Tells the heart, "Be strong, The

cresc.

rit. *a tempo* *dim.* *p dolce*

sil-ver, hill and plain.— Oh, hark!— Hark! the
dark-est days will wane.— Be strong!— And the

rit. *a tempo*

Oh, Be hark!—
strong!—

cresc.

blue - birds, the blue - birds, Hark! the blue - birds, the
 blue - birds, the blue - birds, And the blue - birds, the

cresc.

blue - birds Have come to us a - gain! — Hark! the
 blue - birds Will al - ways come a - gain! — And the

f

a - gain! —
rit.

blue - birds, the blue - birds Have come to us, Have
 blue - birds, the blue - birds Will al - ways come, Will

*più f**ff**rit.*

Yes, the blue - birds

come to us — a - gain! —
 al - ways come — a - gain! —

gain! —

Travel

Robert Louis Stevenson

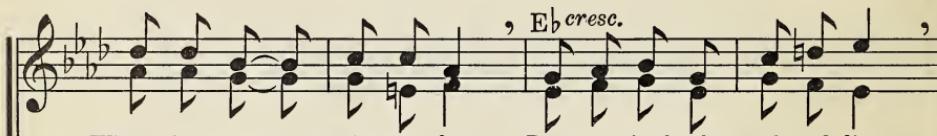
(T. M. III, p. 216)

Daniel Protheroe
Composed for this Series

Allegretto vivace



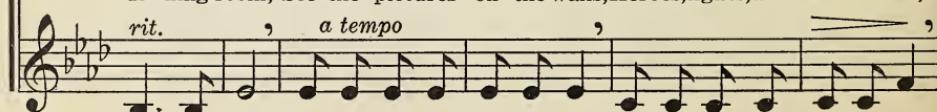
1. I should like to rise and go, Where the gol-den ap-ples grow;
 2. Where a-mong the des-ert sands Some de-ser-ted ci-ty stands,
 3. There I'll come when I'm a man With a cam-el car-a-van;



Where be-low an-oth-er sky Par-rot is-lands anchored lie,
 All its chil-dren, sweep and prince, Grown to man-hood a-ges since,
 Light a fire in the gloom Of some dus-ty di-ning room,



anchored lie. Where in sunshine reaching out Eastern ci-ties, miles a-bout,
 a-ges since. Not a foot in street or house, Not a stir of child or mouse,
 di-ning room; See the pictures on the walls, Heroes, fights, and fes-ti-vals;



Ab

Are with mosque and min-a-ret Deep'mid san-dy gar-dens set...
And when kind-ly falls the night, Thro'the town no spark of light.
In a cor-ner find the toys, Of the old E-gyp-tian boys.

INTSUMENT
The Best Drum

Genevieve Fox

Ernst Schmid

f

1. With in-stru-ments the fi - nest, With in-stru-ments the rar - est, From
2. A tune ne'er rings so swee - tly, Ne'er rings one half so swee - tly Tho'
which to make my choice, The instrument that's dear - est Of all is quite the
played with master art; Nor harp, nor flute, nor vi - ol Can stir my soul so
sim - plest, It is the hu-man voice; Tra la, tra la, tra la, Of
deep - ly As song from hu-man heart; Tra la, tra la, tra la, Can
all is quite the sim - plest, Tra la, tra la, It is the human voice.
stir my soul so deep - ly, Tra la, tra la, As song from human heart.

sim - plest, It is the hu-man voice; Tra la, tra la, tra la, Of
deep - ly As song from hu-man heart; Tra la, tra la, tra la, Can
all is quite the sim - plest, Tra la, tra la, It is the human voice.
stir my soul so deep - ly, Tra la, tra la, As song from human heart.

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deep - ly As song from hu-man heart; Tra la, tra la, tra la, Can
all is quite the sim - plest, Tra la, tra la, It is the human voice.
stir my soul so deep - ly, Tra la, tra la, As song from human heart.

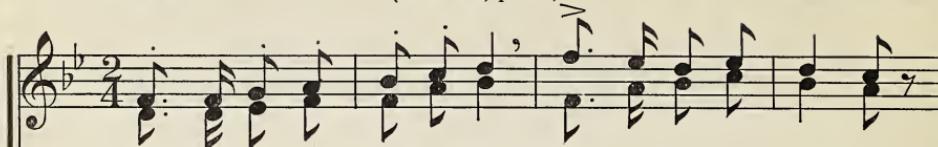
sim - plest, It is the hu-man voice; Tra la, tra la, tra la, Of
deep - ly As song from hu-man heart; Tra la, tra la, tra la, Can
all is quite the sim - plest, Tra la, tra la, It is the human voice.
stir my soul so deep - ly, Tra la, tra la, As song from human heart.

The April Folk

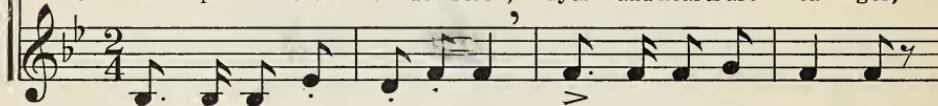
M. Louise Baum

(T. M. III, p. 217)

Max Bruch



1. South wind to the elm tree calls, "Love - ly spring is com - ing,
 2. Wil - low doffs her fur - ry cap, Shows her yel - low tres - ses,
 3. Peo - ple from their win-dows look, Eyes and hearts are ea - ger,



Love - ly spring is com - ing!" Shows her yel - low tres - ses; Eyes and hearts are ea - ger; Bull - frogs an - swer, "Glu, glu, glu!" Vio - let whis - pers, "Wait for me;" Out of doors they sly - ly slip,



Troo, loo!
Vio - let
Sun - shine

Troo, loo!
Blue - bird
Chil - dren



Rob - in pipes it, "Too - tle, too - tle bud - ding ma - ple news from lip to too!" Glu, glu!
 Scar - let decks the bud - ding ma - ple news from lip to too!" Glu, glu!
 Toss the gladsome bud - ding ma - ple news from lip to too!" Glu, glu!

Glu, glu!
 ma - ting;
 danc - ing;



Blue-birds join the cho - rus; Bluebirds. All the world is mad with
Ma - ples blush - ing o'er us; Ma - ples. All the world is mad with
Old folk did be - fore us; Old folk. All the world is mad with



Gay Liesel

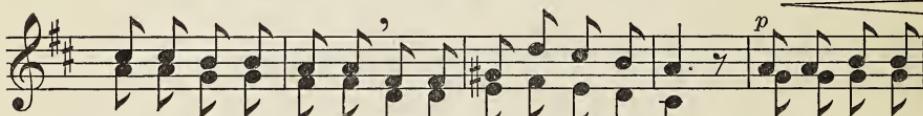
Alice C. D. Riley

(T. M. III, p. 219)

Karl Wohlstedt



1. When the Maybells all are ringing, When the sky o'erhead is blue, When the
 2. When the fields of grain are waving, When the lambs frisk on the lea, When the
 3. When the flocksgo thith-er, thith-er, Graz-ing wide up - on the wold, When the



hap - py birds are sing-ing And the cro-cus buds are new, When the breezes
 waves the shores are la-ving And the ships plough thro' the sea, When the rose is
 pods of milkweed wither And the trees rain floods of gold, When the pur-ples



joy-ance bring, Then, ah, then 'tis mer - ry spring. Then Liesel is happy, Tra-
 in its prime, Then 'tis love - ly sum - mer time. Then Liesel is happy, Tra-
 grapes ap-pear, Then is mel - low au-tumn here.



la, tra - la! Then Lie-sel is hap-py and dances with glee. Then Lie-sel is

rit.

hap-py, Tra - la, tra - la! For Liesel is good as a maiden can be.

Chapter XI: Triplets: Three Notes in the Time of Two Punchinello

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the French

(T. M. III, p. 220)

French Folk Song

Not too fast

Musical score for 'Punch' with lyrics and dynamic markings. The score consists of four staves of music with corresponding lyrics. The first staff starts with *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: 'Punch has apples, cake, and candy At his lit - tle cor-ner'. The second staff starts with a dynamic of $\frac{3}{4}$. The lyrics are: 'stall. See the ug - ly lit - tle dan-dy! Peanuts too, he sells them'. The third staff starts with a dynamic of $\frac{3}{4}$. The lyrics are: 'all. O Mis-ter Punch! O Mis-ter I! O Mis-ter'. The fourth staff starts with a dynamic of $\frac{3}{4}$. The lyrics are: 'Nel! O Mis-ter Lo! Mis-ter Punch - i - nel - lo, Ho!'. The music includes various note values (eighth and sixteenth notes), rests, and dynamic markings like *f* (forte) and *mf*.

Row, Row, Row Your Boat

FOUR-PART ROUND

E. O. Lyte

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics "Row, row, row your boat" are written above the notes, with "row" appearing three times. The bottom staff is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics "Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Life is but a dream." are written below the notes, with "mer-ri-ly" appearing four times. Measure I starts with a whole note followed by a half note. Measure II starts with a half note followed by a whole note. Measure III starts with a dotted half note followed by a dotted half note. Measure IV starts with a half note followed by a dotted half note.

From a Bygone Day

George L. Osgood

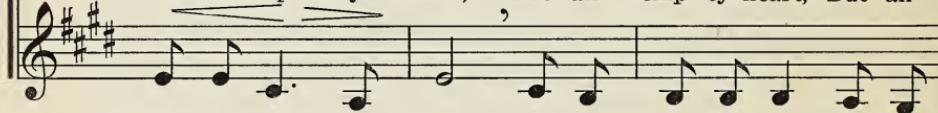
Folk Song

*Simply**p*

1. From a by-gone day, From a by-gone day, Comes to
 2. O thou bles-sed home, O thou bles-sed home, Ver - dant
 3. Swal-low may re - turn, Swal-low may re - turn To re -

p

me a sweet old tune; Oh, how far a - way, Oh, how
 fields and wind - ding streams, Let me flee a - way, Let me
 build her emp - ty nest; But an emp - ty heart, But an



far a-way, That day, that day in June! What the swallow sang, What the
 flee a-way To thee, to thee in dreams! When I said farewell, When I
 empty heart Can nev - er, nev - er rest. Swallow never brings, Swallow



swal - low sang, Bring-ing au-tumn and the spring, With the
 said fare-well, Life was all a ra - diant morn; Now I
 nev - er brings What thine ach-ing heart would fill; Yet the

same sweet lay, With the same sweet lay, Does the vil - lage ring.
 would re - turn, Now I would re - turn, Ah,'tis all for - lorn.
 swal-low sings, Yet the swal-low sings In the vil - lage still.

cresc. *dim.* *f* *dim.*

Theme

From *The "New World" Symphony*

Anton Dvořák

Allegro con fuoco

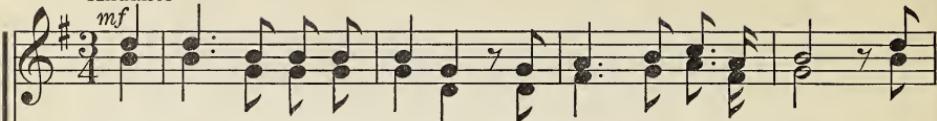
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The Linden Tree

Franz Schubert

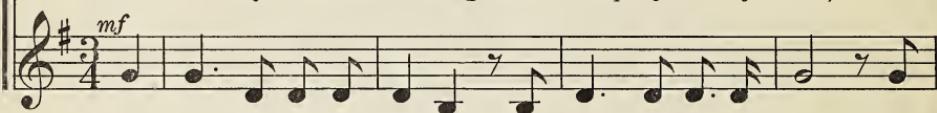
Andante

mf



1. Be - side the old stone fountain, There stands a lin-den tree; Be -
 2. To - night, a homeless wand'r'er, I passed the lin-den tree; Its
 3. The i - cywind was blow-ing So sharp - ly in my face, I

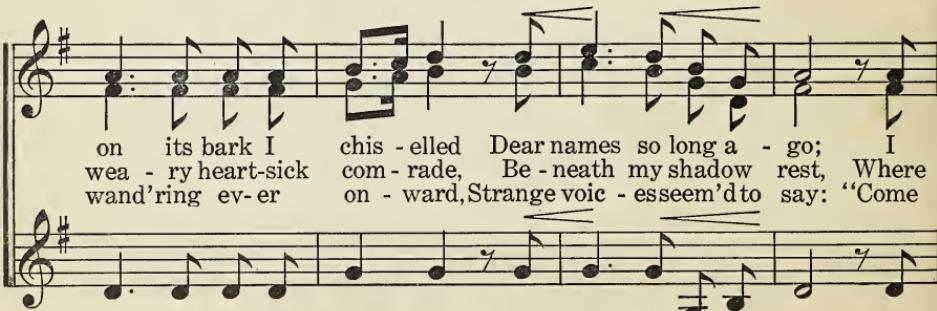
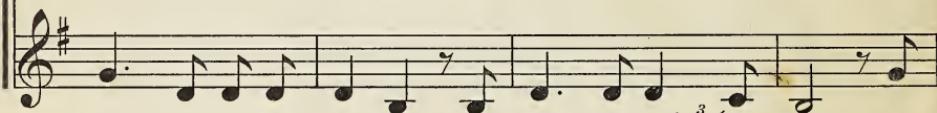
mf



neath its spreading branches, Glad dreams have come ³ to me. Up -
 wav - ing branches nod-ding, It seemed to speak to me: "Come,
 could not stay nor lin - ger, Be - side that res - ting place. But

on its bark I
 wea - ry heart-sick
 wand'ring ev - er

chis - elled Dear names so long a - go; I
 com - rade, Be -neath my shadow rest, Where
 on - ward, Strange voic - es seem'd to say: "Come



sought its peace in glad - ness, I sought — its peace in earth - ly strife or sor - row Shall ne'er — thy heart mo- back thou wea - ry com - rade; Come, rest — thee on thy

f

woe, I sought — its peace in
lest, Shall ne'er — thy heart mo-
way, Come, rest — thee on thy
way.”

pp

Theme

From *The Fourth Symphony*

Robert Schumann

Slowly

Robin Redbreast Told Me

George Cooper

(T. M. III, p. 220)

Julius Röntgen
Composed for this Series

p semplice

1. How do rob - ins build their nests?
 2. Where do rob - ins hide their nests?

f animato, *rit.*, *p a tempo*

Rob - in Redbreast told me, told me. First a wisp of am-ber hay
 Rob - in Redbreast told me, told me. Up among the leavesso deep,

cresc., *p*

In a pret - ty round they lay; Then some shreds of down-y floss,
 Where the sunbeams rare - ly creep; Long be - fore the winds are cold,

cresc., *C p dolce*

Feath - ers, too, and bits of moss, Wo - ven — with — a
 Long be - fore the leaves are gold, Bright - eyed stars — will

G cresc. e string.

sweet, sweet song, This way, that way, and a - cross:
 peep and see Ba - by rob - ins, one, two, three:

mf animato, *pp rit.* 2 2

That's what Rob-in told me, told me.

A Sailor's Life

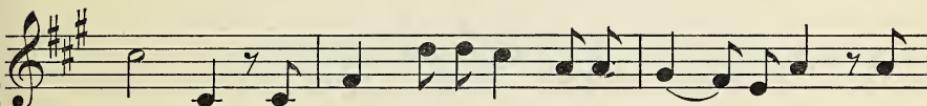
Nellie Poorman

(T. M. III, p. 222)

Hendrika van Tussenbroek



1. An an - gry tem - pest sweeps o'er the sea; Stormbeaten, the wild waves are
2. The bleak wind shrieks and wails o'er the ship; Grim, ravenous waves high are



lash - ing; Un - leashed, tossing bil - lows go ra - cing by With
tow - 'ring; The drear, storming sky wears a hos - tile face, And



clam - or and roar - ing and crash - ing. But
low scud - ding clouds black are low - 'ring. Un -



sail - ors are fear - less, they nev - er quail; Their hearts are de - fi - ant, tho'
daun - ted, the good ves - sel sails a - long; Her stout keel is stea - dy, her



threat'ning the gale; With songs on their lips, thro' the tem - pest they sail.
tim - bers are strong; Her crew mock the storm with a rol - lic - king song.

My Bedtime

May Elizabeth White

(T. M. III, p. 224)

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series

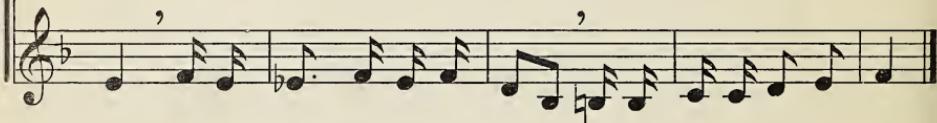
Andantino



1. When the sun has gone to bed, Shi - ny clouds a - round its
 2. I go slow - ly up the stairs, Kneel and say my sleep - y



head; When the clo - vers go to sleep, And the birds forget to peep;
 prayers. From my bed against the wall, I can hear the crickets call.



Theme

From *Die Meistersinger*
Prize Song

Richard Wagner



Spring's Messenger

Hoffman von Fallersleben

(T. M. III, p. 223)

Robert Schumann

1. Hark! from the for - est calls the cuck-oo. Ligh - tly he's swinging,
 2. Hark! from the for - est calls the cuck-oo. "Come to my bow - ers,
 3. You are a he - ro, val - iant cuck-oo. Win - ter is fly - ing,

Gay - ly he's sing-ing, Gay - ly he's swing-ing and sing - ing. "Spring-time!
 Pluck all my flow-ers, Come to my blos-som - y bow - ers. Spring-time!
 Vexed by your cry - ing; Win-ter, old win - ter is fly - ing. Spring-time!

Spring-time! Spring-time, welcome to you! Spring-time, welcome to you!"
 Spring-time! Spring-time com-eth a - new! Spring-time com-eth a - new!"
 Spring-time! Spring-time conquers a - new! Spring-time conquers a - new!

Chapter XIII: Four Tones Descending Chromatically

The Hillside

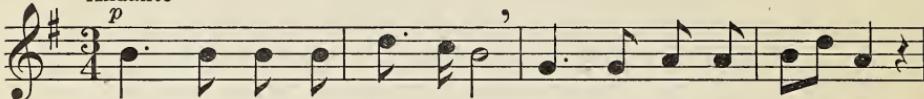
Ethel B. Howard

(T. M. III, p. 226)

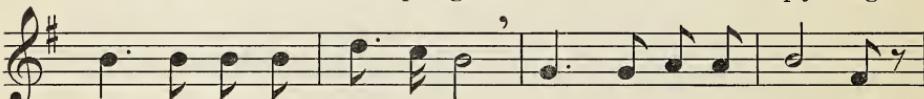
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Andante

p

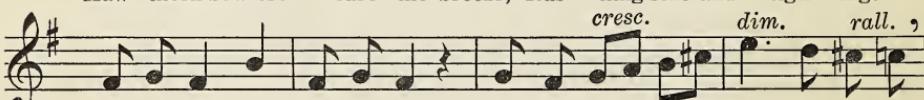


1. Dost thou know a fair - er place Made by spring be - gui - ling?
2. Dost thou hear the whisp'ring trees To the wind re - ply - ing?

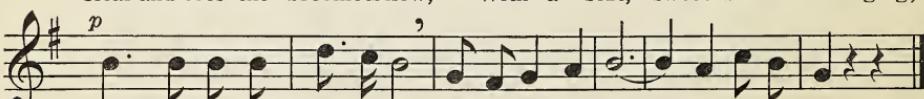


May - time here shows all her grace, Bathed in sun-light smi - ling.
Haw - thorn bow - ers lure the breeze, Rus - tling soft and sigh - ing.

cresc. *dim.* *rall.*,



Or, when twi - light o'er the air Spreads her sa - ble pin - ions dreamy,
Clear and cool the brooklets flow, With a soft, sweet sound of singing;



Here the young moon, slim and fair, Sheds her silver gleams, casts crystal beams.
Fair - hued flow - ers bud and blow; Thust to greet the spring smiles ev'ry-thing.

Gypsy Maidens

Alice E. Sollitt

Gypsy Song



1. Gyp - sy maid - en, sing us a meas - ure; Sing and
2. Gyp - sy maid - en, dance us a meas - ure; Sway and

dance while the year's at May. Glad - ly I'll do your
swing like the leaves at play. Glad - ly I'll do your
pleas - ure, Sing while my heart is gay.
pleas - ure, Dance while the year's at May.

Robin Redbreast

William Allingham

(T. M. III, p. 228)

Fr. Gernsheim
Composed for this Series

1. Good - by, good-by to sum - mer! For summer's nearly done; The
thrush-es now are si - lent, Our swallows flown a - way, But
scan - ty pears and ap - ples Hang rus - set on the

gar-den smi-ling fain - tly, Cool breez-es in the sun.
Rob-in's here with coat of brown, And ruddy breastknot gay.

2. Our
3. The

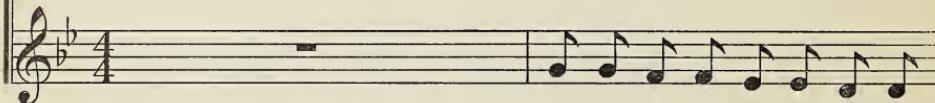
bough; It's au - tumn, au - tumn, au - tumn late, 'Twill
soon be win - ter, win - ter now.
be win - ter now.

Rain in Summer

May Morgan

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, pour!



Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter,



Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, pour!

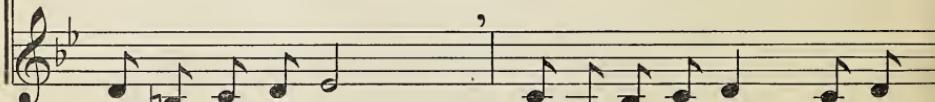


pour!

Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter,



Such a splash and such a splat - ter,



pit - ter, pat - ter, pour!

Pit - ter, pat - ter, pour, pat - ter

What an aw-ful roar! Pat-ter slower, sof-ter pat-ter,
 pour! What an aw-ful roar!

Then the sun a - gain; Birds a - call-ing to each oth - er,
 the sun a - gain; Birds a - calling, calling to each oth-er,

"Ho, for summer rain! Ho, for summer rain!"

Theme

From *The Sixth Symphony*

Peter I. Tschaikowsky

Andante

Good Night, Pretty Stars

From *Old Fashioned Rhymes and Poems*Georg Schumann
Composed for this Series

Good night, pretty stars, with your yellow eyes; Good

night, lady moon, in the evening skies; Good

night, dusky world, and the mighty deep; I am

I am

dim. , rall. *p a tempo*

tir - ed now, — It is time to sleep. Good night, good

dim. , rall. *p a tempo*

night! Good night, pretty stars, la - dy moon, Good night! —

mp <> <> , *p* dim. *pp*

mp <> <> , *p* dim. *pp*

Theme

From *The "New World" Symphony*

Anton Dvořák

Largo

The score consists of three staves of music in 4/4 time, B-flat major (indicated by a key signature of two flats). The first staff begins with a dotted half note followed by an eighth-note pattern. The second staff begins with a eighth-note pattern. The third staff begins with a eighth-note pattern.

Friends

Abbie Farwell Brown

(T. M. III, p. 224)

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
Composed for this Series

Andantino

1. How good to lie a little while And
 2. The wind comes steal - ing o'er the grass To

look up thro' the tree! The sky is like a
 whis - per pret - ty things; And though I can - not

kind, big smile Bent sweetly o - ver me. The sunshine flickers
 see him pass, I feel his care - ful wings. So ma-ny gen-tle

through the lace Of leaves a - bove my head, And
 friends are near, Whom one can scarce-ly see, A

kis - ses me up - on the face Like Mother in my bed.
 child should nev - er feel a fear, Wher-ev - er he may be.

Chapter XIII: Syncopation

The Squirrels

Nathan Haskell Dole

(T. M. III, p. 227)

Folk Song

Allegretto



1. Jack Frost thro' the woods has passed. Leaves are turn - ing,
 2. Chil - dren hun - ting 'mid the leaves Squir -rels look up -



nuts fall fast. As they go scat't'ring, Squirrels are
 on as thieves! Chestnuts and wal - nuts, A-corns and



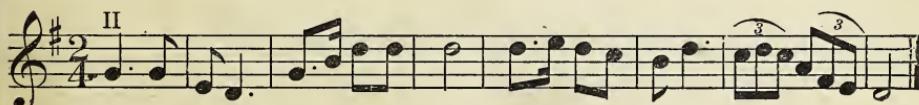
chat-t'ring, Hap - py 'tis har - vest time at last!
 all nuts, Are theirs a - lone, so each be - lieves!

Themes

From *The "New World" Symphony*

Anton Dvořák

Allegro molto



Fairy Revelry

Edward Payson Jackson

Gioachino Rossini

1. What soul thrill - ing song-charm, like sweet sil - ver bells, Rings from
 2. Their rai-ment trans - lu - cent, of light pearl - y hue, Shines in

yon star - lit moorlands a - way down the dells? The moonlight like cob-webs be - sprayed o'er with dew. With

Elf - land has glee - song, so marshalled buoy-ant and ring, gay, And bids all the fair - ies to They dance till the dawnbreaks and

127

fro - lic and sing; The queen bids the fair-ies to fro - lic and
drives them a - way; With glee, dance till dawn breaks and drives them a -

D.C.

1 2

sing. way. Yes, they dance till the dawn breaks and drives them a - way.

The Exiles

Ethel B. Howard

Poco lento

(T. M. III, p. 229)

Hebrew Melody

For - > ward and > on - > ward, Heav - > y with > woe,

Foot-sore and wea - > ry, Mourning we go. Far from homeland,

Lone - ly, ex-iled band, Wander we on - > ward, Heartsick and slow.

The Sandman

Genevieve Fox
From the Dutch

(T. M. III, p. 230)

Catharina van Rennes

p

sleeps in a twin - kle.

Chil - dren, good night!" — Sof - tly I whis - per at

ev - 'ry door. "Chil - dren, good night! Chil - dren, good

night! Slum - ber gen - tly till night is o'er."

The score includes various dynamics, rests, and a 'rit.' (ritardando) instruction."/>

1. At candle-light I sof - tly come, When lit - tle stars are
2. And when I find a child a-wake, His eyes with sand I
peep - ing, To see if toys are laid a - way And
sprin - kle, Then tuck a dream in his small hand; He
wee folk are sleep-ing. "Chil - dren, good night! —
sleeps in a twin - kle.
Chil - dren, good night!" — Sof - tly I whis - per at
ev - 'ry door. "Chil - dren, good night! Chil - dren, good
night! Slum - ber gen - tly till night is o'er."
rit.

PART THREE

Chapter XIV: Miscellaneous Songs in One, Two, and Three Parts

~~Tip~~pa's Song

Robert Browning

(T. M. III, p. 232)

William G. Hammond
Composed for this Series

Con spirito *p*

The year's at the spring And day's at the
p The year's at the spring And

cresc.
 morn; Morn-ing's at sev'n; The hill-side's dew -
 day's at the morn; Morn-ing's at sev'n; The

f
 pearled; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the
 hill-side's dew - pearled; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the
ff *ritard* 3
 thorn; God's in His heav'n - All's right with the world!
ff *ritard* 3

The Brook

Ellen Soule

Edward Elgar
*Composed for this Series*Allegretto $\text{d} = 92$
p pcol. Ped.

1. From a foun - tain In a moun - tain, Drops of wa - ter ran -
2. Slow it star - ted; Soon it dar - ted, Cool and clear and free, -
3. Bubbling, sing - ing, Rushing, ring-ing, Fleck'd with shade and sun; -

gras - ses;
peb - bles,
brook - let

Trickling thro' the gras - ses; So our brook be - gan.
Rippling o - ver peb - bles, Hurrying to the sea.
Soon our pret - ty brook - let To the sea has run.



Autumn Song

Richard Watson Dixon

(T. M. III, p. 231)

Jean Sibelius
Composed for this Series

Slowly

The feath - ers of the wil - low Are half of them grown yel - low A -

bove the swelling stream; And ragged are the bush-es, And rus-ty now the

rush - es, And wild the cloud-ed gleam, And wild the clouded gleam!

End of Summer

George Jay Smith

(T. M. III, p. 235)

Max Bruch

3/4 time, dynamic *p*. The key signature changes from G major to C major (no sharps or flats). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Summer has de - par - ted, Gone are all her flow - ers; Sum - mer, mer-ry

3/4 time, dynamic *p*. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature changes back to G major.

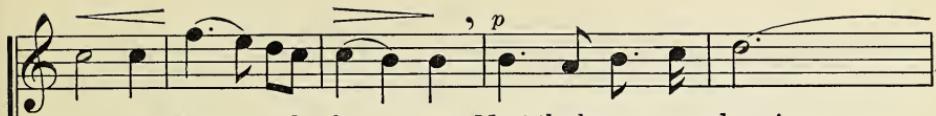
hear - ted, With bright sun - ny hours, With bright sun - ny

3/4 time. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature changes back to G major.

hours. Gol-den-rod and as - ter Fill the fields sere and brown;

3/4 time. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature changes back to G major.

C dolce



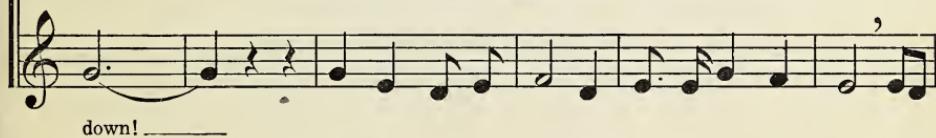
Soon, ah, fast and fas - ter Must the leaves come down!



Soon, ah, fast and fas - ter Must the leaves come



Summer, does your going Yield but leaves that mold? Nay,



down! _____



see o - ver - flow - ing Harvests heap - their gold! See



o - ver - flow - ing Har - vests heap - their gold!



A Song for Hal

Laura E. Richards

Laura E. Richards
From *In My Nursery*
Copyright, 1890, by Roberts Brothers

(T. M. III, p. 234)

Daniel Protheroe
Composed for this Series

The image shows the first 12 measures of the musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner'. The score is in 4/4 time, key of G major (indicated by a single sharp sign in the key signature). The tempo is marked 'Moderato con moto'. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, primarily on the G, B, and D strings. The first measure begins with a half note on G. The second measure starts with a sixteenth note on B. The third measure begins with a sixteenth note on D. The fourth measure begins with a sixteenth note on G. The fifth measure begins with a sixteenth note on B. The sixth measure begins with a sixteenth note on D. The seventh measure begins with a sixteenth note on G. The eighth measure begins with a sixteenth note on B. The ninth measure begins with a sixteenth note on D. The tenth measure begins with a sixteenth note on G. The eleventh measure begins with a sixteenth note on B. The twelfth measure begins with a sixteenth note on D.

1. Once I saw a lit - tle boat, such a pret - ty lit - tle boat, As the
2. All the fish - es were a - sleep, in their caves so cool and deep, When the
3. But just then up jumps the sun, and the fish - es ev 'ry one For their

in - to it I jumped and a - way then I did float, Oh, so
min - now to the skate, 'We must cer - tain - ly be late, Tho' I
stayed to hear no more, for my boat had reach'd the shore, Oh, so

ve - ry, ve - ry ear - ly in the morn - ing.
thought 'twas ve - ry ear - ly in the morn - ing."
ve - ry, ve - ry ear - ly in the morn - ing.

D

And ev - 'ry lit - tle wave had its' nightcap on, Its' nightcap, white cap,

night - cap on; And ev - 'ry lit - tle wave had its
 night-cap on, So ve - ry, ve - ry ear - ly in the morn - ing.

On Music

Thomas Moore

Irish Folk Song

1. When thro' life un - blest we rove, Los - ing all that
 2. Oh, how wel - come breathes the strain, Wak - 'ning thoughts that
 3. Mu - sic! oh, how faint, how weak Lan - guage fades be -

made life dear, Should some notes we used to love In
 long have slept; Kin - dling for - mer smiles a - gain In
 fore thy spell! Why should Feel - ing ev - er speak When
 days — of boy - hood meet our ear,
 fa - ded eyes — that long have wept.
 thou — canst breathe her soul — so well?

Theme

From *The Surprise Symphony*
Andante

Franz Joseph Haydn

Flowery Omens

(T. M. III, p. 238)

Anton Dvořák

Andantino *p*

I will my heart's fond wish - es plant; Watch whether Heav'n ful -
 fill - ment grant. When I a gol - den tu - lip spy,
 Then shall I know that grief is nigh. And if a white rose
 o - pens sweet, Come in the twi - light me to greet.
 Bloometh a vio - let on my way, Bloometh a vio - let
 on my way, Then I shall see thee ev - 'ry day,
 Then I shall see____ thee ev - 'ry day!

The Sea Princess

(T. M. III, p. 240)

Max Bruch

Composed for this Series

Andante con moto

mf

p

1. In a pal - ace of the pearl - and sea - weed, Set
 2. But be - low, in the qui - et wa - weed, Set
cresc.

round with shi - ning shells, — Un - der the deeps of the
 bet - ter loves to play, — Mak - ing a gay seaweed

o - cean The lit - tle sea prin - cess dwells. — And
 gar - den, All green and pur - ple and gray; — Or
cresc.

when thro the waves she ris - es, Be - yond the break - ers'
 string-ing with pearls a neck - lace, Or learn - ing cu - rious

p D
 roar, — She hears the shouts of the chil - dren At
cresc. *poco rit.*

play on the san - dy shore, At play on the san - dy shore!

2

spells From the wa - ter *witch*, gray and an - cient, And
cresc. And hearing the tales she tells, *poco rit.* And hearing the tales she tells.

Summer's Good-bye

Elsie Cobb

(T. M. III, p. 242)

Reginald de Koven
Composed for this Series

1. The west wind is cry - ing, "A - way, a - way!" The
 2. The rob - ins are sing - ing, "Good - bye, good - bye! Too
 3. The chil - dren are call - ing, "Hur - rah! hur - rah!" The

mf

mf

cresc.

ff.

accel.

south wind is sighing, "Oh stay, oh stay!" But summer is fleeting, and long we've been swinging, we fly, we fly!" O'er hill and o'er meadow, thro' nuts now are fall-ing, a - far, a - far! The meadows are still-ing, the

> cresc.

< > ff

accel.

autumn is greeting The world with her banners so
 sunshine and shadow, They wing to the warm southern
 as - ter is fill-ing The earth with her fair pur-ple
 gay.——— The
 sky.——— 'Too
 star.——— The

Tempo I

south wind is sighing, "Oh stay, oh stay!" The west wind is crying, "A-way, a-way!"
 long we've been swinging; we fly, we fly!" The robins are singing, "Good-bye, good-bye!"
 nuts now are fall-ing, a - far, a-far! The children are calling, "Hurrah! hurrah!"

Tempo I

Storm at Sea

M. Louise Baum

Julius Dürner

1. See the storm wrack drive the sea, Till the waves go ra - ging; Sky and
 2. See the stars are lost to view, Hear the roll - ing thun-der; If the

o - cean fu - rious be, Fierce the bat - tle wa-ging.
rud - der hold not true, Ship and crew go un-der.

Peace, be still, Peace, be still, List to the Word. O - over the
Trust in God, Trust in God, Lo, for a - far, Out from the

storm - y sea God still is Lord. O Fa - ther, save, O
fly - ing cloud Shines forth a star. Oh, thanks to God, Oh,

Fa - ther, save, And show forth Thy pow'r o'er the wave!
thanks to God, O Lord, Thou hast ru - led the sea!

Fa - ther, save, And show forth Thy pow'r o'er the wave!
thanks to God, O Lord, Thou hast ru - led the sea!

A Trumpet Call of Spring

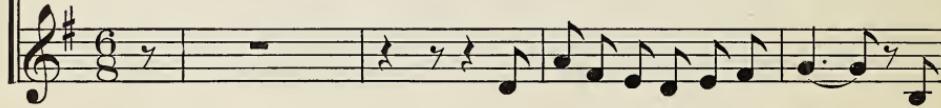
May Morgan

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

A - wake! A - wake! A - wake! A -



A - wake! A - wake! A -



The slumber of winter must break. The



wake! A - rise! A -



wake! A - rise! A -



slumber of winter must break. A - rise! A -

rise! A - rise! O
 crocus, and o-pen your eyes! A - rise! O
 rise! A - rise! O
 cro - - cus, And o - pen your eyes! —
 cro - - cus, And o - pen your eyes! —
 crocus, and o-pen your eyes, And o - pen your eyes! —

Theme

From *The First Symphony*

Andante cantabile con moto

Ludwig van Beethoven

The Wind

Robert Louis Stevenson

(T. M. III, p. 244)

Victor Herbert
Composed for this Series

With animation

1. I saw you toss the kites on high And blow the birds a -
 3. O you, that are so strong and cold! O blow - er, are you

about the sky; And all a-round I heard you pass, Like ladies' skirts a -
 young or old? Are you a beast of field and tree Or just a stronger

cross the grass; O wind, a-blow-ing all day long! O wind, that sings so
 child than me? O wind, a-blow-ing all day long! O wind, that sings so

loud a song! (humming) That

sings so loud a song! So loud a song! (rit. ff molto rit. Fine)

a tempo

2. I saw the dif-fer-ent things you did, But al-ways you your -

self you hid. I felt you push, I heard you call, I
 could not see— your - self at all; O wind, a - blow - ing
 all day long! That sings so loud a song! —

The Lavender Beds

William Brighty Rands

(T. M. III, p. 246)

Frank van der Stucken
Composed for this Series

The fair-ies stepped out of the lav - en - der beds, — With
 watched them go through with a grave min-u - et; — Wher -
 mob - caps or wigs on their quaint lit - tle heads; — My
 ev - er they foot - ed the dew was not wet. — They

lord had a sword and my la - dy a fan; — The mu - sic struck
 bowed and they cur-tsied, the brave and the fair, — And laughter like

1 ,

up and the dancing be - gan. I

2

chir - ping of _

cric - kets was there. Then all on a sud-den a

G

church clock struck loud.

A flut - ter, a

C

shiv-er was seen in the crowd. The cock crew, the

wind woke, the trees tossed their heads, And the fair-y folk

hid in the lav - en - der beds.

Harvest Slumber Song

William Wilfred Campbell

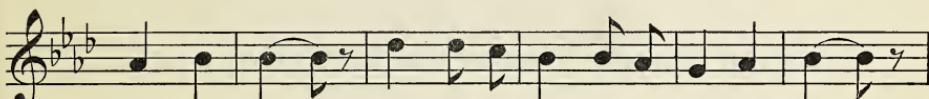
(T. M. III, p. 248)

E. Humperdinck
Composed for this Series

Andantino



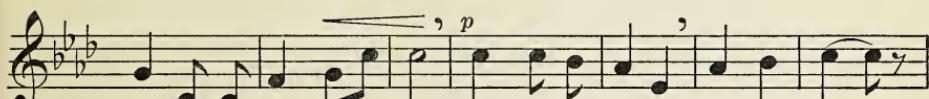
1. Sleep, lit - tle Ba - by, sleep,sleep, sleep. Red is the moon in the
 2. Soft in the lap of Moth - er Night Wee ba - by stars, all a -
 3. Sleep, lit - tle Ba - by, sleep,sleep, sleep. Red is the moon in the



night's still deep; White are the stars with their sil - ver wings
 glow and bright, Flut - ter their sil - ver - y wings and crow
 night's still deep; Wee ba - by stars all are hushed and kissed,



Fol - ded in dreamings of beau - ti - ful things; And o - ver their
 Gen - tly to breez - es that kiss as they blow, — A - round air - y
 Fol - ded in cra - dles of lu - mi-nous mist; — If ev - er they



cra - dle the night wind sings; Sleep, lit - tle Ba - by, sleep,sleep, sleep;
 cra - dles that swing so — low; Sleep, lit - tle Ba - by, sleep,sleep, sleep;
 wa - ken the winds cry, "Whist!" Sleep, lit - tle Ba - by, sleep,sleep, sleep;



Sleep, lit - tle Ba - by, — Sleep, sleep, sleep!

What I Love

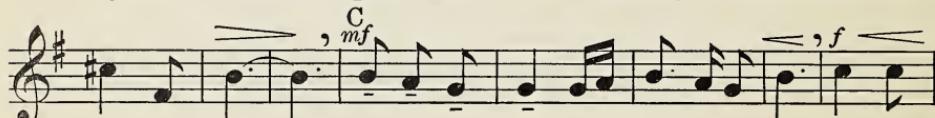
(T. M. III, p. 250)

Hugo Kaun
Composed for this Series

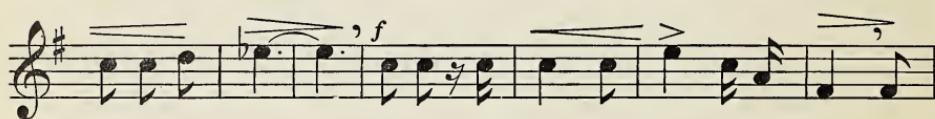
The dai-sies white are dear to me; I love their gol-den



eyes. I love the gold of the but-ter-fly And the blue of the



brooks and skies. But when a rose, a lit-tle red rose, Nods to



me from the wall, I say, "O rose, O dear lit-tle rose, I



love you best of all!" I say, "O rose, O dear lit-tle



rose, I love you best of all!"

October Song

Frank Walcott Hutt

(T. M. III, p. 237)

Rudolph Ganz
Composed for this Series

March-like

1. A song, a song of nut-ting time And the brisk Oc - to - ber
 2. A song, a song of nut-ting days And the fall skies o - ver -
 3. A song, a song of nut-ting paths And the quest that lures us

A

day; The pas - ture romp and the hill - top climb, And the
 head; The bannered leaves and the mar - shalled haze, Where the
 on; And, oh, the thrill that the boy heart hath, On the

D

a - corn - sprin - kled — way. A song, I say, And a
 au - tumn tents are — spread. A wood - land glee 'Neath an
 first Oc - to - ber — dawn. Then, free and far Where the

roun - de - lay For the jol - ly nut - ting time; A
 old oak tree For the sake of nut - ting time; A
 a - corns are, Down the rare old nut - ting path; Then,

song, I say, And a roun - de - lay For the jol - ly nut - ting time.
 woodland glee 'Neath an old oak tree, For the sake of nut - ting time.
 free and far Where the a - corns are, Down the rare old nut - ting path.

Morning

John Fletcher

(T. M. III, p. 252)

Arthur Farwell
Composed for this Series

See the day begin to break,

And the light shoots

like a streak Of sub - tle fire; The winds blow cold,

While the morn-ing doth un - fold. Now the birds be -

Composed for this Series

See the day begins to break, And the light shoots
 like a streak Of subtle fire; The winds blow cold,
 While the morn-ing doth un-fold. Now the birds be-

gin — to rouse, — And — the squir - rel
 from — the boughs — Leaps to get — his nuts and fruit. The
 ear - ly lark, that erst was mute, — Car - ols to the
 ri - sing day — Ma - ny a note — and ma - ny a lay.
 rit. , p a tempo rit.

, *mf* , *mf* , *p* , *p* , *rit.* , *mf* , *a tempo* , *mf* , *a tempo* , *mf* , *a tempo* , *rit.* , *p a tempo* , *rit.*

Beneath the Lilies

Kate Greenaway

(T. M. III, p. 254)

Horatio Parker

Rather slowly

Be -neath the li - lies, tall, white gar-den li - lies, The
 Prin - cess slept, a charmed sleep al-way; For-ev - er were the fair-y bluebells
 ring-ing, For - ev - er thro'the night and thro' the day. Ere -
 long a Prince came ri - ding in the sunshine; A wind just swayed the
 li - lies to and fro; He woke the Princess, tho'the blue - bell mu - sic Kept
 ring-ing, ring-ing, sleep - i - ly, sleep - i - ly, sleep - i - ly
 and low, low, low, low.

Chapter XV: Complicated Rhythms

Dragon Flies

May Morgan

(T. M. III, p. 261)

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series



A - bove the brook the dra - gon flies, With wings a-quiver,



play. — A mo - ment here, a mo - ment there, They



pause, and then a - way! As blue as steel their



gau - zy wings, As swift as thought their flight; Now



here, now there, then who knows where? They dart like gleams of light.

The Fountain

James Russell Lowell

(T. M. III, p. 256)

Hugo Kaun

Composed for this Series



1. In - to the sun - shine, Full of the light, —
 2. In - to the star - light, Rush - ing in spray, —



Leap - ing and flash - ing From morn - ing till night! —
 Hap - py at mid-night, And hap - py by day! —



In - to the moonlight, Whi - ter than snow, Wav - ing so flow'r-like,
 Glad of all weath - ers, Still seem - ing best; Up - ward or down - ward,



Wav - ing so flow'r-like, When the winds — blow! —
 Up - ward or down - ward, Mo - - tion thy — rest! —



3. Full of a na - ture Nothing can tame, — Changed ev -'ry moment,



Ev - er the same; Glo - ri - ous fountain! Let my heart be



Fresh, changeful, constant, Fresh, changeful, constant, Up - ward, like

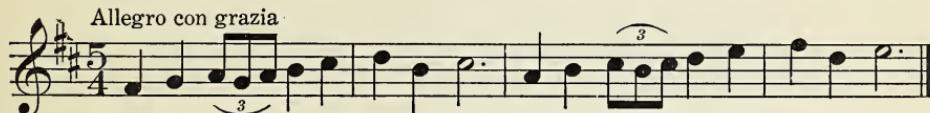


thee, Up - ward like thee!

Themes

From *The Sixth Symphony*

Peter I. Tschaikowsky



From *Das Rheingold*

Richard Wagner



Lullaby

Frank Dempster Sherman

(T. M. III, p. 258)

Charles Villiers Stanford
Composed for this Series

Andantino



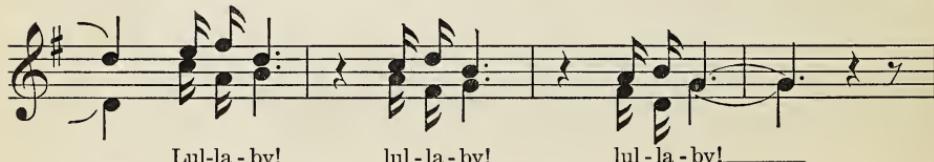
1. Slumber, slumber, lit - tle one, now; The bird is a - sleep in his
 2. Slumber, slumber, lit - tle one; soon The fair - y will come in the
 3. Slumber, slumber, lit - tle one, so; The stars are the pearls that the



nest on the bough; The bird is a - sleep, he has fol - ded his wings
 ship of the moon; The fair - y will come with the pearls and the stars,
 dream fairies know; The stars are the pearls and the bird in the nest,



And o - ver him sof - tly the dream fair - y sings:
 And dreams will come sing-ing thro' shad - o w - y bars:
 A dear lit - tle fel - low, the fair - ies love best.



Lul-la - by!

lul - la - by!

lul - la - by!



Pearls in the deep, Stars in the sky, Dreams in our sleep;

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is for the soprano (S) and the bottom staff is for the alto (A). The key signature is one sharp. The tempo is marked 'dim.'. The score includes lyrics: 'So lul - la - lul - la - by!' followed by a repeat sign with '3' above it, and 'lul - la - lul - la -'. The bottom staff continues with 'lul - la - lul - la - lul - la - by!'. Measure numbers '1 & 2' and '3' are indicated above the staff, and a '2' is placed above the repeat sign in the second staff.

Skating Song

Ephraim Peabody

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

A - way! a - way! o'er the sheeted ice, A - way, a - way we go! On our
 steel-bound feet we move as fleet As deer o'er the Lapland snow.

What tho' the sharp north winds are out, The skater heeds them not. Midst the
 laugh and shout of the joc- und rout, Gray Win- ter is for - got.

The Southland

Margaret Aliona Dole

(T. M. III, p. 262)

W. A. Mozart
Duet from Don Juan

Andante
Boys dolce

Down by the South Sea is - lands The winds blow warm all day;

Girls dolce

There in the sparkling waters The fly - ing fish - es play. Oft of the South I'm

dreaming; I rock in a pearl-lined boat; O - ver the ripples gleaming, Like

mermaid there I float, Like mermaid gen-tly float. Come, to the South we'll
 has - ten; Bright are the flow'rs and the sky. Swift o'er the clear, shining
 wa - ters, Swift to the South let us fly! To the South let us
 fly! To the South let us fly! To find the is - lands!

Green, blue, and sil - ver wa - ters, Oh, why are you so far?
 Come, let us fol - low a star! 'Twill lead to the South-land a -
 far.

Come, let us fol - low a star! To the South - land a - far!

The Low-backed Car

Samuel Lover

Irish Folk Song



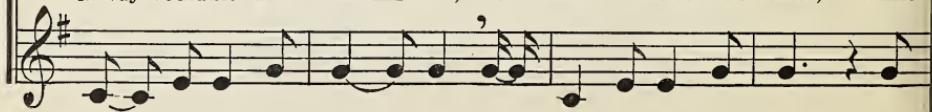
1. When first I saw sweet Peg - gy 'Twas on a mar - ket day; A
 2. Sweet Peg - gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the
 3. I'd rath - er own that car, sir, With Peg - gy by my side, Than a



low-backed car she drove, and sat Up - on a truss of hay. But
 scores of hearts she slaug - ters By far out-num-ber these; While
 coach and four, and gold ga-lore, And a la - dy for my bride. For a



when that hay was bloom-ing grass, And decked with flow'rs of spring, No
 she a - mong her poul - try sits, Just like a tur - tle - dove, Well
 la - dy would sit for - ninst me, On a cush - ion made with taste, While



flow'r — was there that could com-pare With the bloom - ing girl I
 worth — the cage I do en-gage Of the bloom - ing god of
 Peg - gy would sit be - side me With my arm a - round her

sing! As she sat in the low - backed car, The
 love! While she sits in her low - backed car, The
 waist, While we drove in the low - backed car, To be

man at the turn - pike bar Never asked for the toll, But just
 lov - ers come near and far And en - vy the chicken That
 mar - ried by Fath - er Mah'r; Oh, my heart would beat high At her

rubbed his old poll, And looked af - ter the low - backed car.
 Peg - gy is pick-in' As she sits in her low - backed car.
 glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low - backed car.

Jack Frost

Kate Louise Brown

(T. M. III, p. 264)

H. Clough-Leighter
Composed for this Series

Now who comes stealing thro' the night, With ti - ny fin - gers
pochiso rit.



cold and light; Who pin - ches flow - ers on the sly, And



makes the trem-bling gras - ses die?

Oh,

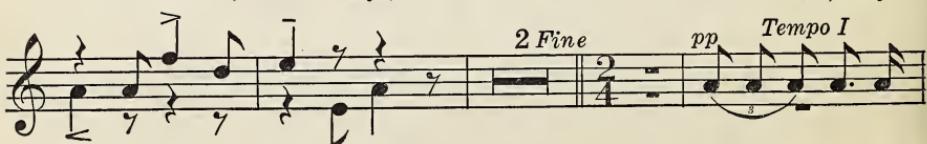
Allegro scherzando



it is Jack, the Fros - ty Elf, Who smiles so sly - ly



to him-self, And says, "I'll have a lot of fun; My



work, my work is just be-gun!"

Who is it, in the

midnight hush, Makes all the ma - ple fin - gers blush? Who clothes the brook in
rall.
 i - cy mail, And pow - ders o - ver fence and rail? Oh,

Ladybird

(T. M. III, p. 275)

Robert Schumann

Allegretto grazioso

1. Come, la - dy - bird, and sit you down Up - on my hand, up -
 2. Go, la - dy - bird, fly - home, fly home; 'Tis all on fire; your
 on my hand; Be sure I will not harm you, No!
 chil - dren cry So sore - ly, oh, so sore - ly; Cry,
 I'll not harm you. I will not harm you, pret - ty dear;
 cry so sore - ly. The cun - ning spi - der spins them in;
 Show your ti - ny wings, and nev - er fear; Ti-ny wings to me are pleasing.
 Fly, O la - dy - bird, fly home, fly home To your children, crying sorely.

The Boys' Song

Seymour Barnard
From the French

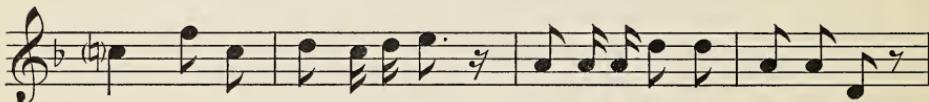
(T. M. III, p. 267)

Georges Bizet

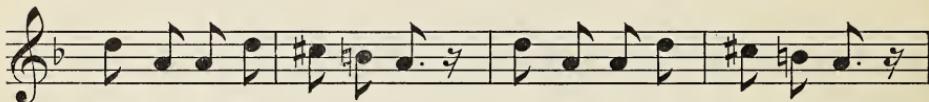
Allegro

mf

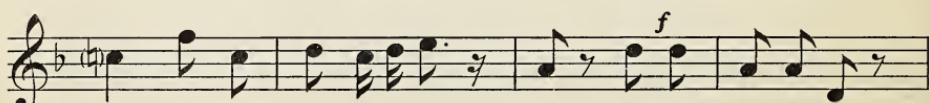
Chests thrown forward, Eyes to right; Peace-ward, war-ward, March in might;



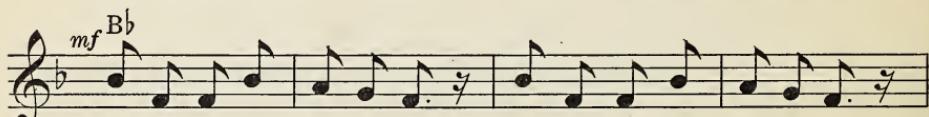
Stout, stur-dy, Stea-dy we come; Ra-ta, the trumpet, B-r-r-um the drum!



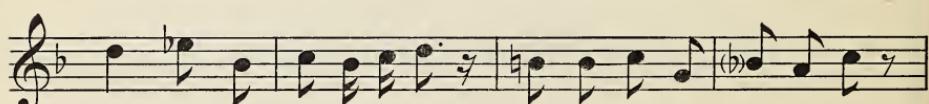
Heads e - rec-tly, Arms held down; Now cor-rec-tly Thro' the town.



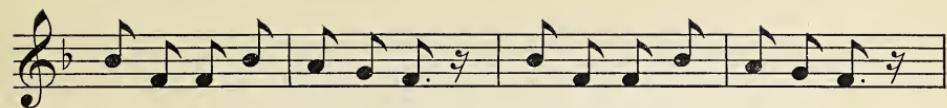
Guide right, here! Look to the line! Hie! sol-diers, That was fine!



Now o-blique-ly, Now to rear; How the weak-ly Stum-ble here!



Fours, right! then, Com-pa-ny, wheel! Now for skir-mish, Front rank, kneel!



Forward, sing-ing As we go! Cymbals ring-ing, Bu-gles blow!

cresc. molto

d



Shrill, shrill - er, Fi - fers have come; Brum-ta-da-boom-boom Beatsthe drum!

F



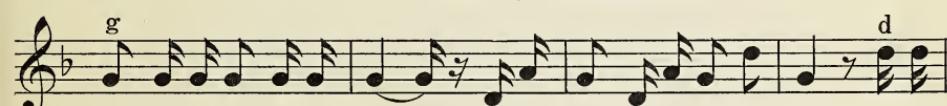
Brum-ta-da-boom-ta-da - br-r-r-um! Oh, the boys' own brigade has come! We have



come, We have come, Oh, the boys' own brigade has come! _____

g

d

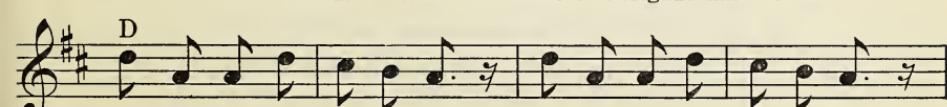


Brum-ta-da-boom-ta-da - br-r-r-um! Undismay'd, the brigade has come! Who's a -



fraid? Who's a - fraid? Who's a - fraid? The brigade has come!

D



Taps have sounded, Night has come; Still the trumpet, Still the drum;

Si - lent the fi - fer, Si - lent he; Sleep, fi - fer, Sleep, drummer,
 Sleep till the re - veil - le. Ra - ta - ta - tee!

Choral Song of Illyrian Peasants

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

1. Up! Up! ye dames, ye las - ses gay! To the mea - dows trip a -
 2. Come, leave the hearth and leave the house To the erie - ket and the
 way. 'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn, And scare the small birds
 mouse. Find gran - nam out a sun - ny seat, With babe and lamb - kin
 'Tis you must tend the flocks, Find gran-nam out a seat, With

from the corn. Not a soul at home must stay; _____ For the
 at her feet. Not a soul at home must stay; _____ For the

scare the birds. Not a soul at home must stay, at home must
 babe and lamb. Not a soul at home must stay, at home must

shepherds must go with lance and bow To hunt the wolf, — The

stay; For the shep - herds must go to hunt the wolf, — The

wolf in the woods to - day; _____ To hunt the wolf to - day. —

Come, Dance with Me

Alice C. D. Riley

(T. M. III, p. 270)

Neapolitan Folk Song



Dance with me, ah, —— come and dance with me!
 Dance with me, ah, —— come and dance with me!



Light, ah, light and fleet of foot are we. Trip it, come, ah, come and
 Bend, ah, bend the head and bow the knee. Right and left, ah, what a



trip it fleet, Danc - ing _ light on will - ing feet.
 jol - ly row! Up and _ down the line we go.

Fine



Up on your tip - toes now and pir - ou - ette!



Sway like a bird a - bout to fly! Down with your curtsey now, a



gay co - quette; Smile demure and downcast eye.

D.S.

Chapter XVI: Modulations to Remote Keys

A Morning Song

Anna M. Pratt

(T. M. III, p. 265)

Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari
Composed for this Series

Andante

1. When stars are melting in the sky, Be - fore the ro - sy
2. When wa - king birds are on the wing, And mat - in songs re -

dawn; When myr - iad sparkling dewdrops lie Like dia-monds
peat, Till woods and fields and up-lands ring With car - ols

on the lawn; When flee - cy clouds go floa - ting by, And
clear and sweet; When all the op - 'ning blos - soms fling Their

gol - den glo - ries wear, Then, oh, my girl, and hey, my
fra - grance on the air, Then, oh, my boy, and hey, my

girl, The ear - ly morn is fair! Then, oh, my girl, and
boy, The ear - ly morn is fair! Then, oh, my boy, and

hey, my girl, The ear - ly morn is fair! Then, oh, my boy, and
hey, my girl, The ear - ly morn is fair! Then, oh, my boy, and

A Child's Fancy

Miriam S. Clark

(T. M. III, p. 272)

John E. West
Composed for this Series

mp

When the day is near-ly o - ver and the shad - ows all are
moth - er - ly old wil - low grow-ing close against the
cresc.

dim.

gray, There's a place in fa-ther's gar-den where I dear - ly love to
wall, And I climb up in her branches, knowing well I can-not
cresc.

mp

stay; For I'm tired of all my les - sons, and I'm wea - ry of my
fall; For she rocks me ve-ry sof - tly in her gen - tle loving

dim. poco riten p

play, When the day is nearly o - ver, and the shad - ows
way, When the day is nearly o - ver, and the shad - ows

1p

all are gray. There's a gray. Sof - tly to her leaves and
all are gray. There's a gray. Sof - tly to her leaves and

p

G

p a

branches come the breez - es of the night, And they sing me songs of

F

dream-land in the dim and restful light. "Sleep and slum - ber,
cresc. D, *dim.*

sleep and slum - ber, lit - tle child," — they seem to say;
cresc. *mp* *cresc.* , *f*

"Sleep and slumber, sleep and slumber, For the day is nearly
dim. *poco riten.* o - ver, — and the shad - ows all are gray." —

Greeting

Maud Wilder Goodwin

(T. M. III, p. 276)

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Andante

1. Cric - kets chirp the whole night long; Reapers' scythes are swing-ing;
 2. From a cot - tage can - dles shine; Hap-py friends are mee - ting;

eb , D \flat —

In my heart an autumn song Mer - ri - ly is ring - ing.
 En - ter, lit - tle song of mine, Bear them love and gree - ting.

The Minstrel Boy

Thomas Moore

Irish Folk Song

The musical score consists of eight staves of music in common time, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, with the first two staves containing the opening lines and the subsequent staves continuing the narrative. The music includes various note values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The vocal line is supported by a harmonic progression of chords, primarily in the key of A-flat major.

1. The min - strel boy to the war has gone, In the ranks of death you'll
 2. The min - strel fell! but the foe-man's chain Could not break his proud soul

find un - him; His fa - ther's sword he has gir - ded on And his
 der. The harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain For he

wild harp slung be - hind him. "Land of song," sang the
 tore its chords a - sun - der, And said, "No chains shall

war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays - thee, One sword, at least, thy
 sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - ry! Thy songs were made for the

rights shall guard; One _____
pure and free; They shall faith - ful heart _____ shall _____
nev - er sound in _____ praise _____ thee,"
slav - 'ry."

Pouts and Smiles

Nathan Haskell Dole

Paraphrased from a Dutch Song Game

(T. M. III, p. 277)

Catharina van Rennes

rit. *a tempo*, *mfC*

1. Ma - ry, what ails you, dear?
2. Ma - ry, how cross you are!
3. Ma - ry, come dance and sing,

Why are you pou - ting? Frowns on your
An-ger is fear - ful! Tantrums like
Join our gay meas - ure! Whirl with the

face ap-pear, All sun - shine rou-ting! Wipe off that naughty tear,
these will mar Hours bright and cheer-ful; They leave an an-gry scar,
mer - ry ring, Laugh and give pleas-ure! Pique is a fool-ish thing,

p rit. *pp* A

Ma - ry, Ma - ry! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

The Green World

Annie Willis McCullough

(T. M. III, p. 282)

Vincent d'Indy
Composed for this Series

1. It's such a green and sun - ny world Out where the spring things grow,
2. The sunshine plates the world with gold; Blossoms pour out their scent;



Out where the blos - som branches sway, And where wild ro - ses blow! The
Breezes play tunes that make you dance As if a waltz were meant. The



birds are sing - ing cho - ru-ses In ev - 'ry way-side tree, And
brook flings out ca - res - sing arms Where ferns and mos-ses thrive; And It's



there's so much that's won - der - ful To smell, and hear, and see! —
such a green and sun - ny world I'm glad to be a - live! —

Theme

From *The B minor (unfinished) Symphony*
Allegro Moderato

Franz Schubert



A Suggestion for a Happy New Year

Mary Mapes Dodge

(T. M. III, p. 278)

Homer N. Bartlett
Composed for this Series

The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with some words aligned with specific notes and others placed below the staff. The lyrics are as follows:

Sup - pose we think lit - tle a - bout num - ber one; Sup -
 pose we all help someone else to have fun; Sup - pose we ne'er speak of the
 faults of a friend; Sup - pose we are ready our own to a-mend; Sup -
 pose we laugh with and not at oth-er folk; And nev - er hurt a - ny - one
 just for a joke; Sup - pose we hide trouble, and show on - ly cheer: 'Tis
 like - ly we'll have quite a Hap - py New Year; 'Tis like - ly we'll
 have quite a Hap - py New Year!

Chapter XVII: Contrapuntal Style

Apollo's Cows

CANON

Florence C. Fox

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

A - pol - lo's cows, the long day thro', A - way up in the
A - pol - lo's cows, the long day thro', A -

sky, _____ Go wand'ring o'er their field of blue, Or
way up in the sky, _____ Go wan-d'ring o'er their

in their mea - dow lie. _____ When Her - mes comes, with
field of blue, Or in their mea - dow lie. _____ When

fly - ing feet, And milks them on his way _____ And the

Her - mes comes, with fly - ing feet, And milks them on his

drops are fall - ing in our street, "It rains," the chil - dren

way _____ And the drops are fall - ing in our street, "It

say; _____ "It rains, it rains," the chil - dren say. *rit.*

rains," the chil - dren say; _____ "It rains," the chil - dren say. *rit.*

Turn Again, Whittington

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round

I

II

III

Turn a-gain, Whittington, Thou worthy ci - ti - zen; Lord Mayor of London.

The Swing

Robert Louis Stevenson

(T. M. III, p. 280)

Julius Röntgen
Composed for this Series

1. How do you like to go up in a swing?
 2. Up in the air *p* and over the wall,
 3. Till I look down on the gar - den green,

How do you like to go up in a
 Up in the air *p* and over the
 Till I look down on the gar - den

Up in the air so blue?
 Till I can see so wide,
 Down on the roofs so brown;

Oh, I do think it the
 Riv - ers and trees and
 Up in the air I go

swing? Up in the air so blue?
 wall, Till I can see so wide,
 green, Down on the roofs so brown;

Oh, I do think it the
 Riv - ers and trees and
 Up in the air I go

pleasantest thing,
 cat - tle and all,
 fly - ing a - gain,

Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
 Riv - ers and trees and cat - tle and all,
 Up in the air I go fly-ing a - gain,

think it the pleasantest thing,
 trees and cat - tle and all,
 air I go fly - ing a - gain,

Oh, I do think it the pleasantest
 Riv - ers and trees and cat - tle and all,
 Up in the air I go fly-ing a -

Good Wishes

Anna G. Whitmore

THREE-PART CANON

W. A. Mozart

Allegro $\text{d}=126$

mf

Cheerful heart and courage bold; Bright, sun-ny hours and happiness un -

mf

Cheer - ful heart and courage bold; Bright, sunny hours and

mf

Cheer - ful heart and courage bold; Bright,



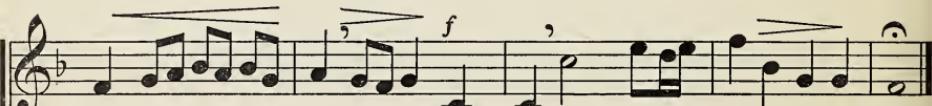
told; These, oh these, dear friend, be e'er thy lot. Live at



happiness un - told; These, oh these, dear friend, be e'er thy lot.



sunny hours and hap - pi - ness un - told; These, oh these, dear friend, be



peace with all man - kind and sor - row not! Live at peace and sorrow not!



Live at peace with all man - kind and sorrow not, sor - row not!



e'er thy lot.

Live

at peace with all man - kind and sorrow not!

In Life if Love We Know Not

CANON IN THE FOURTH BELOW

Friedrich V. Bodenstedt

Allegretto

mf

(T. M. III, p. 284)

Carl Reinecke



In life if love we know not, 'Tis as vines where tendrils



In life if love we know not,



grow not; In life if faith a - bound not, 'Tis as



'Tis as vines where tendrils grow not; In life if faith a -



vines where grapes are found not, are found not,



bound not, 'Tis as vines where grapes are found not, are

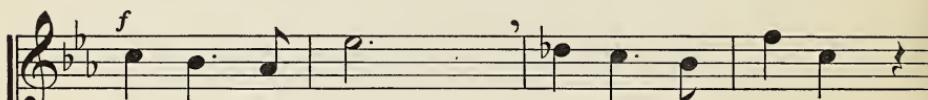


As vines where grapes are found not.



found not,

As vines where grapes are found not.



If then of all,



If then of all,

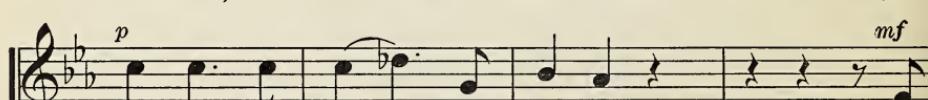
all fate be -



These two be - ware — it leave thee,

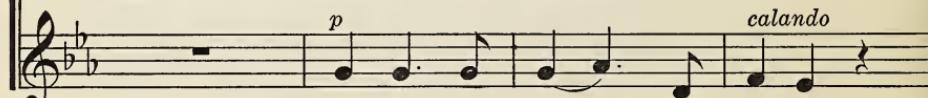


reave thee, These two be - ware — it leave thee,



These two be - ware — it leave thee.

In



These two be - ware — it leave thee.

a tempo

life . if love we know not, 'Tis as vines where tendrils

mf

In life if love we know not,

f

grow not; In life if faith a - bound not, 'Tis as

f

'Tis as vines where tendrils grow not; In life if faith a -

*dim.**p*

vines where grapes — are found not, are — found not,

*p**dolce*

bound not, 'Tis as vines where grapes — are found not, are

As vines where grapes are found — not.

found not,

As vines where grapes are found not.

Chapter XVIII: The Dotted Quarter-Note Beat; Advanced Studies

Winter Longing

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the Swedish

(T. M. III, p. 290)

Wilhelm Peterson-Berger



1. Hap - py summer days, Leaf - y wood - land ways,



Now for you my heart is sigh - ing! — Ah, the flee - ting hours

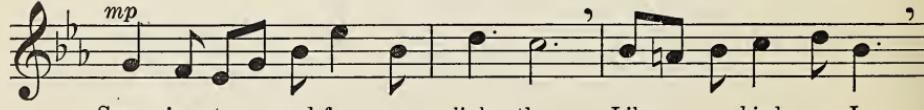


Spent a - mong the flow'rs, All too soon their beau - ty dy - ing!



2. In the ap - ple tree Swing-ing high and free,

3. Yes, the spring is near; Soon she will be here,



Sway - ing to and fro so ligh - tly, Like a bird was I
La - den with her ver - dant treas - ure. Sun — and dew and rain

rit.



Flo - ting thro' the sky, And my heart was sing - ing bright -
Soon will bring a - gain All the mer - ry sum - mer pleas - ure.

Then good - by, good - by, Drear - y win - ter sky,
 Frost and cold and wic - ked weath - er. Sunbeams kind and warm
 Soon will work a charm; Snow and grief will melt to - geth - er!

The Joys of Summer

Miriam Clark Potter
From the Dutch

(T. M. III, p. 283)

Catharina van Rennes

1. I love the warm sum - mer, With beau - ti - ful days, For then I may
 2. The flow'r's in the mea - dow, That sway as I pass, The fish in the
 wan - der In out - of-door plays. riv - er, The sheep in the grass, The sun is so gol - den, The garden so The bird as it car - ols, The bee as it
 fair; The breeze comes to meet me, And blows in my hair. hums; They wel - come the sum - mer As soon as it comes!

Sweet Repose is Reigning Now

Jules Benedict

Andantino

p

1. Sweet repose is reigning now,
2. As the budstheirpetals close,

Lul-la-by, lul - la - by, La la la la la la lul - la - by,

So my ba - by, slumber thou.
Shut thine eyes in sweet re - pose.

Nothing save the wind we
When the beams of morning

cresc.

La la la la la la la lul-la-by, La la la la la la

f

ff

hear, break, Murmur - ing, then slum-ber, dear.
Then thine eyes likeflow'r shall wake.

p

cresc.

Lul - la -
Lul - la -

ff

la la lul-la-by, La la la la la la lul - la - by, La la

by, Lul - la - by, Slum - ber,
 lul - la - by, La la lul - la - by, La la
 slum - ber, slum - ber, dear.
 la la la la La la lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

Themes

From *The Fifth Symphony*

Andante Cantabile

Peter I. Tschaikowsky

I

From *Die Walküre*

Richard Wagner

II E_b g G

The Cuckoo Clock

M. Louise Baum

Albert Schröder

mf

1. Oft in the green - wood I've heard you call - ing,
 2. Out of the clock there you ligh - tly flut - ter.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! Now you've a rooftree, for
 Daytime or nighttime your

Cuck - oo! Cuckoo!

A

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

snows are falling, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

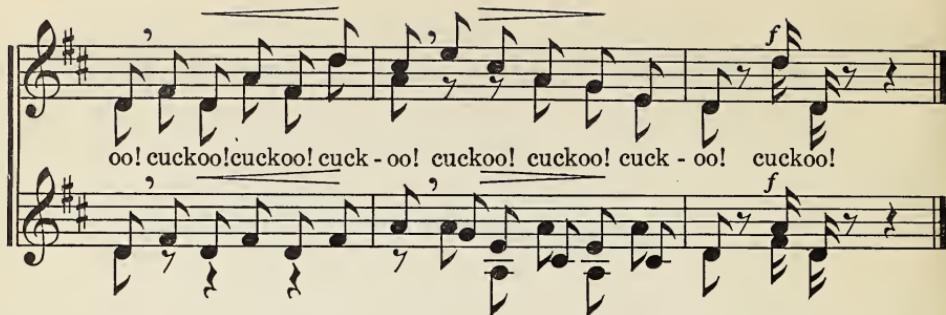
cry you ut-ter. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo!

Cuck - oo! Cuckoo!

Cuckoo!

Ah, though on — vale and hill
 Wise cuck - oo, — answer me , *mp* Bird voic - es to -
 day are still, Joy ful - ly here you
 years shall be; Ah, if count me
 count the hours, As you used to do in sum - mer
 but a score, I will add my - self a hun - dred
 bow'rs. Cuck-oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck -
 more. Cuck-oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo!



In the Garden

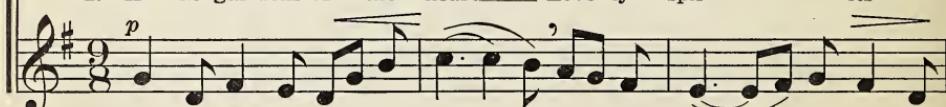
May Morgan

Arthur Foote
Composed for this Series

Gracefully



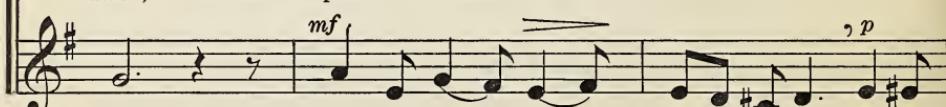
1. If be-hind the gar-den wall Fra-grant flow - ers
 2. If in gar-dens of the heart Love-ly spir - its



1. If be-hind the gar-den wall Fra-grant, fra - grant flow - ers
 2. If in gar-dens of the heart Love-ly, love - ly spir - its



grow, Peo - ple pas - sing may not see, But they
 dwell, Of their pres - ence not a word Need the



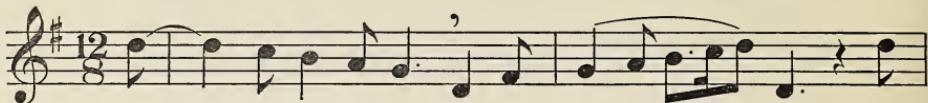
grow, Peo - ple pas - sing may not see, But they
 dwell, Of their pres - ence not a word Need the

He Shall Feed His Flock

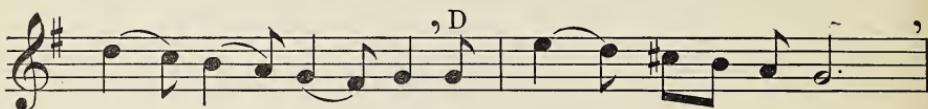
From *The Messiah*

(T. M. III, p. 289)

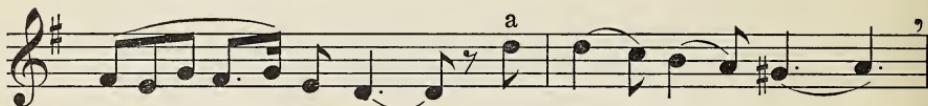
George Frederick Handel



He ____ shall feed His flock like a shep - herd, and



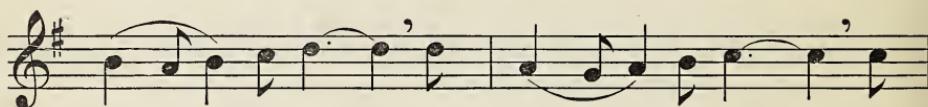
He ____ shall gath - er the lambs_ with His arm,



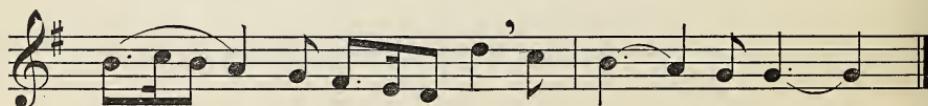
with _____ His arm; _____ and car - ry _____ them _____



in His bos - om, and gen-tly lead_ those that_



are _____ with young; and gen - tly lead, _____ and



gen - tly lead _____ those that are _____ with young.____

PART FOUR: PATRIOTIC AND DEVOTIONAL SONGS

Come, Thou Almighty King

(T. M. III, p. 292)

F. de Giardini

1. Come, Thou Al - migh - ty King! Help us Thy name to sing;
 2. Come, Thou All - gra - cious Lord, By heav'n and earth a - dored!
 3. Nev - er from us __ de - part; Rule Thou in ev - 'ry heart,

Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our prayer at - tend! Come, and Thy chil - dren bless; Give Thy good
 Hence ev - er - more. Thy sov'reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
 word suc - cess; Make Thine own ho - li - ness On us de - scend.
 glo - ry see, And to ei - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

Portuguese Hymn

ADESTES FIDELES

James Montgomery

(T. M. III, p. 294)

John Reading (?)

1. The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
 2. Let goodness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my

pas - tures, safe fol - ded I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
 steps till I meetThee a - bove. I seek, by the path which my

still waters flow; Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when op -
 fore - fathers trod, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy Kingdom of

pressed; Re - stores me when wan - d'ring, re - deems when oppressed.
love; Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy King - dom of love.

Children's Hymn

Mrs. M. L. Duncan

(T. M. III, p. 292)

Horatio Parker

1. Fa-ther, ten-der shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me; And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for-giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;

Thro' the darkness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till mor - ning light.
Thou hast warm'd me, cloth'd and fed me; Lis - ten to my eve - ning pray'r.
Take us all at last to heaven; Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

Integer Vitae

Arthur Tozer Russell

(T. M. III, p. 293)

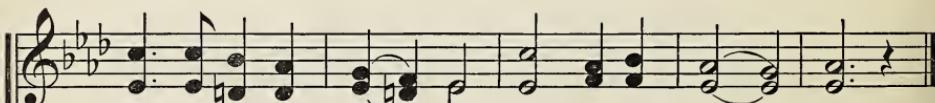
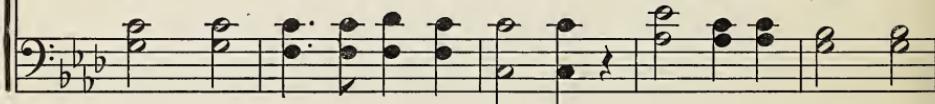
Friedrich Ferdinand Flemming



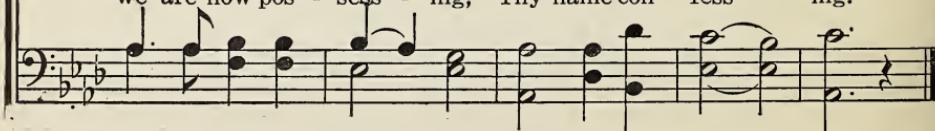
1. Night's shadows fall-ing, men to rest are call-ing; Rest we, pos-
 2. Thou ev-er liv-est; end-less life thou giv-est; Thou watchart
 3. O Lord of Glo-ry, praise we and a-dore Thee! Thee for us



sess-ing heav'n-ly peace and bless-ing; This we im-plore Thee,
 keep-ing o'er Thy faith-ful, sleep-ing; In Thy clear shi-ning
 giv-en, our true rest from heav-en! Rest, peace, and bless-ing,



fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Great King of Glo-ry!
 they are now re-cli-ning, All care re-sign-ing.
 we are now pos-sess-ing, Thy name con-fess-ing.



Now with Creation's Morning Song

(T. M. III, p. 296)

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius, (5th century)

Ludwig van Beethoven

1. Now with cre - a - tion's morn - ing song Let us, as
 2. Oh, may the morn, so pure, so clear, Its own sweet
 3. And ev - er, as the day glides by, May we the
 4. Grant us, O God, in love to Thee, Clear eyes to

chil - dren of the day, With wak - ened heart and
 calm in us in - still! A guile - less mind, a
 bu - sy sens - es rein; Keep guard up - on - the
 meas - ure things be - low; Faith, the in - vis - i -

pur - pose strong, The works of dark - ness cast a - way.
 heart sin - cere, Sim - plic - i - ty - of word and will.
 hand and eye, Nor let the conscience suf - fer stain.
 bly to see, And wis - dom, Thee in all to know.

The Joy of Harvest

Henry Alford

(T. M. III, p. 295)

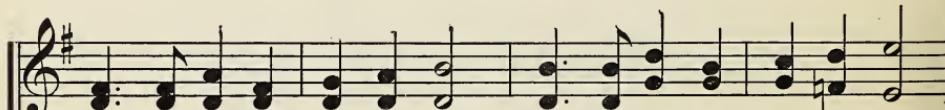
George J. Elvey



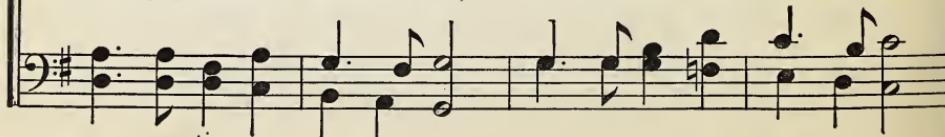
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest home:
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;



All is safe-ly gath-ered in Ere the win-ter storms be - gin.
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown.



God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;
 First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;



Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home.
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.

All That's Good and Great

Godfrey Thring

(T. M. III, p. 295)

1. All that's good and great and true, All that is and is to
 2. Not a bird that does not sing Sweetest praises to Thy
 3. Far and near, o'er land and sea, Mountain top and wood-ed
 4. May we all with songs of praise, Whilst on earth, Thy name a -

be, Be it old or be it new, Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.
 name; Not an in - sect on the wing' But thy won - ders doth proclaim.
 dell, All in sing - ing sing of Thee, Songs of raise Songs of praise for - ev - er - more.
 dore, Till with an - gel choirs we

Oh, Worship the King

Robert Grant

(T. M. III, p. 296)

Franz Joseph Haydn

1. Oh, worship the King, all glorious a - bove; And grate-ful - ly
 2. Oh, tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
 3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the

sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fen - der, the
 light, whose can - o - py, space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
 air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de -

Ancient of days, Pa - vil-ioned in splendor, and gir - ded with praise.
 thunder-clouds form; And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 scends to the plain, And sweetly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.

Praise to God, Immortal Praise

Anna L. Barbauld

(T. M. III, p. 297)

Conrad Köcher

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
 2. All the plen - ty sum - mer pours; Autumn's rich o'er - flow - ing stores;
 3. Peace, pros-per - i - ty, and health, Pri - vate bliss, and pub - lic wealth,
 4. As Thy prosp'ring hand hath blest, May we give Thee of our best;

Bounteous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy;
 Flocks that whi - ten all the plain; Yel-low sheaves of ri - pen'd grain:
 Knowledge with its gladd'ning streams, Pure re - lig - ion's ho - lier beams:
 And by deeds of kind - ly love For Thy mer - cies grate - ful prove;

All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless - ings flow.
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.
 Sing - ing thus thro', all our days, Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise.

The Dominion Hymn

Duke of Argyle

J. N. Eagleson

Moderato (*with breadth and dignity*)

1. God bless our wide Do-min-ion, Our fa-thers' cho-sen land, And
 2. Fair days of for-tune send her, Be Thou her shield and sun! Our
 3. In-her-i-tors of glo-ry, O coun-try-men we swear To



bind in last-ing un-ion Each o-cean's dis-tant strand, From
 land our flag's de-fend-er, U-nite our hearts as one! One
 guard the flag that o'er ye Shall on-ward vic-t'ry bear; Where



where At-lan-tic ter-rors Our har-dy sea-men train, To
 flag, one land, up-on her May ev-ry bless-ing rest! For
 e'er thro' earth's far re-gions Its tri-ple cross-es fly, For



*Arrangement for voice and piano may be found in Book IV, Pages 212-213.

CHORUS
Largo e maestoso.



where the salt sea mir - rors The vast Pa-cif-ic chain. Oh,
loy - al faith and hon - our Her chil-dren's deeds at-test. Oh,
God for home, our le - gions, Shall win or fight-ing die! Oh,



bless our wide Do-min-ion Loud shall our an - them ring De -



shall ring



fend our peo-ple's un - ion, God save our Em-pire's King.



O Canada! Our Fathers' Land of Old

His Hon. R. Stanley Weir, D. C. L.
Recorder of Montreal
Maestoso e risoluto

C. Lavallée

1. O Ca-na-da! Our home and nat-ive land,
2. O Ca-na-da! Where pines and ma-ples grow,
3. O Ca-na-da! Be-neath thy shin-ing skies

True pa-pri-ot love in all thy sons com-mand. With
Great prai-ries spread and lord-ly riv-ers flow. How
May stal-wart sons and gen-tle mai-dens rise; To

glow-ing hearts we see thee rise, The true North strong and
dear to us thy vast do-main, From East to West-ern
keep thee stead-fast through the years From East to West-ern

With glow-ing hearts we
How dear to us thy
To keep thee stead-fast

cres.

free; And stand on guard, O Ca - na - da, Stand
 sea, Thou land of hope for all who toil, Thou
 sea, Our Fath - er-land, our Moth - er-land! Our

Chorus

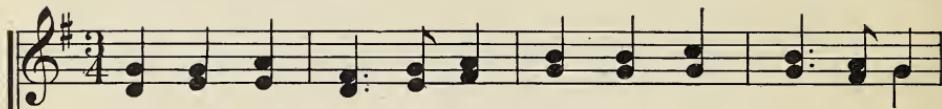
aye on guard for thee (for thee.) f O Ca - na - da,
 true North, strong and free! (and free.) O Ca - na - da,
 true North, strong and free! (and free.) O Ca - na -

O Ca - na - da, O Ca - na - da, We stand on guard for
 da, Ca - na - da, O Ca - na - da,

thee. O Ca - na - da, We stand on guard for thee.

God Save the King

Henry Carey



1. God save our grac - ious King, Long live our no - ble King,
 2. Thy choic - est gifts in store On him be pleased to pour,



God save the King; Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and
 Long may he reign; May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er



glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King.
 give us cause To sing with heart and voice God save the King.



PART FIVE: ADDITIONAL THREE-PART SONGS

To the Moon

Jean Ingelow

Andante

p

Henry Hadley
Composed for this Series



1. O Moon! in the night I have seen— you sail - ing And
2. You Moon! have you done something wrong— in heav - en, That



shin - ing so round and low, You were bright! Ah, bright! but your
God has hidden your face? I hope, if you have, you will



light is fail-ing, You are noth-ing now but a bow. _____
soon be for - giv-en, And shine a - gain in your place. _____



The Foot-Traveller

Franz Abt

Marching

1. On foot I gai-ly take my way, U - he, u - he, u - he,
 2. No snail-paced friend I want, not I, U - he, u - he, u - he,
 3. Foot-trav - el to the gay is sweet, U - he, u - he, u - he,

O'er mountains bare and meadows gay, U - he, u - he, u - he!
 At ev - 'ry step to pause and sigh, U - he, u - he, u - he!
 But heav-y hearts make heav-y feet, U - he, u - he, u - he!

And he who is not of my mind, An- oth-er trav'lling mate may find,
 No gloom-y man to scowl and groan, And o-ver others' sins make moan;
 The man who loves the sunshine bright, And nev-er peeps be-hind for night,

He can - not go with me, He can - not go with me.
 I'd rath - er trudge a - lone, I'd rath - er trudge a - lone.
 That is the man for me, That is the man for me.

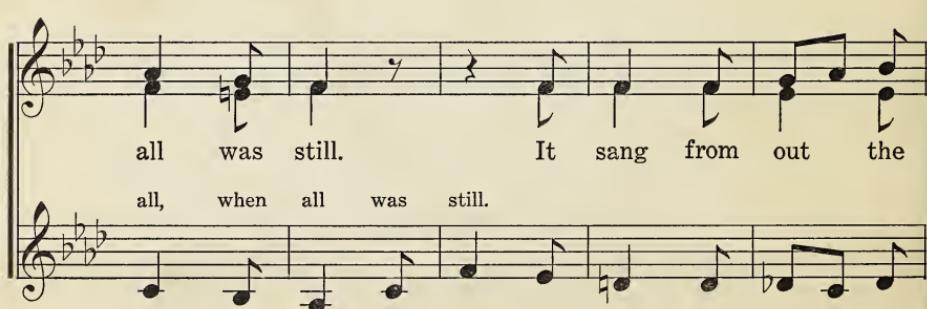
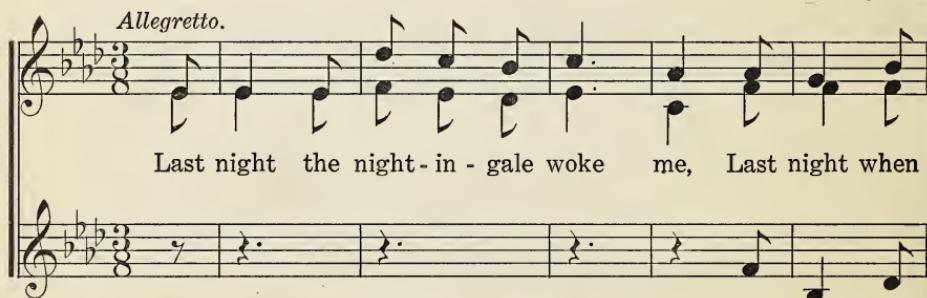
U-he, u - he! tra la la la la, U-he, u - he! tra la la la la,
 U-he, u - he! tra la la la la, U-he, u - he! tra la la la la,
 U-he, u - he! tra la la la la, U-he, u - he! tra la la la la, U-he,

U - he, u - he, u - he, tra la la la la,
 u-he, u-he!, U-he,



Last Night

H. Kjerulff



wood - land up - on the dis - tant hill. I

o-pen'd my win - dow so light - ly, And looked on the

stars so true, so true, And oh! the bird was

sing-ing my dear - est, sing-ing of you, of you.

The Ride

Louise Ayres Garnett

Norwegian Folk Song

1. With the North Wind I have raced Past the sleep-ing hous - es,
 2. When the day breaks gray and chill I must leave my warn-ing
 3. So with straining hearts we ride O - ver road and riv - er,

And my horse, su - perb-ly paced, Not an ech - o rous - es,
 Where the watch-ers on the hill Tar - ry till the morn - ing.
 With a fall-ing star for guide From the mid-night's quiv - er.

Where the pur - ple shad-ows fall I can hear the si - lence call:
 If at dawn we gain our goal Drums for val-iant deeds shall roll.
 On we go nor lose our pace, League on league surmounting space,



Speed on your way! Make haste or forfeit all!
 Should we de - lay But fal - ter not, my soul!
 Strength shall be ours, To win the far-flung race!

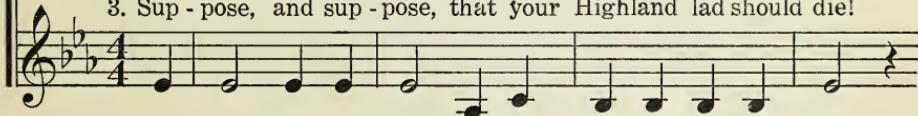


The Blue Bells of Scotland

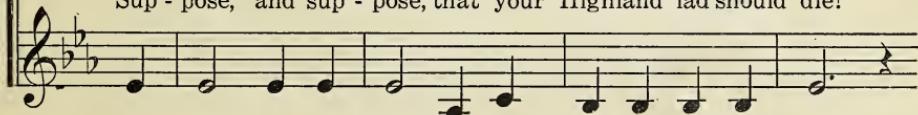
Scotch Folk Song



1. Oh, where, and oh, where is your Highland lad - die gone?
2. Oh, where, and oh, where did your Highland lad - die dwell?
3. Sup - pose, and sup - pose, that your Highland lad should die!



Oh, where, and oh, where is your Highland lad - die gone?
 Oh, where, and oh, where did your Highland lad - die dwell?
 Sup - pose, and sup - pose, that your Highland lad should die!



He's gone to fight the foe for King George up - on the throne,
 He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the sign of the Blue Bell;
 The bag-pipes would play o'er him, I'd__ sit me down and cry,

And it's oh, in my heart that I__ wish him safe at home.
 And it's oh, in my heart that I__ love my lad - die well.
 And it's oh, in my heart that I__ wish he may not die.

I Am the Lad

Louise Ayres Garnett

Old Irish Song

Moderato

1. I left the old home-stead the day I was twen - ty;
 2. I left the old home-stead with feet that were prancing,
 3. The town was of mag - ic with lights and with tow - ers
 4. I'll hoard up my pen - nies and when they are dol - lars

I longed for ad - ven - ture, I dreamed of re - noun;
 I kissed a good bye to my Moth - er and Dad,
 And tor - rents of peo - ple like riv - ers a - flow,
 It's home I will go to my Moth - er and Dad.,

I thought that a for - tune and won - ders a - plen - ty
 I whist - led and sang for my heart it was danc - ing;
 But nev - er a gar - den with free-grow - ing flow - ers,
 There's some - thing in - side me that whist - les and hol - lers:,,

Were wait - ing my com - ing a - way in the town.
 The world it was call - ing and I was the lad!
 So back to the home - stead I'm want - ing to go.
 If home you are want - ing then I am the lad!

Twinkling Bugs

Wilhemina Seegmiller

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

1. When the sun sinks un - der the world's red rim,
 2. They trim their lamps in the day - light hours,

And the riv - er fades till its shores are dim,
 For each bug rubs and rubs and scours,

And the trees are dark where the shad - ows lie,
 To have his bright as the stars in the sky,

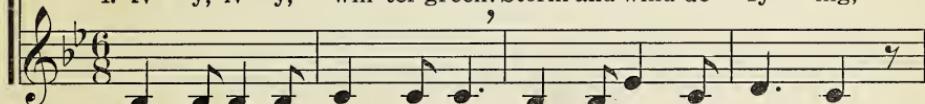
Then they go by, Then they go by,
 When they go by, When they go by, by, by, by,

Then they go by, Then they go by, by, by, by,
 When they go by, When they go by, by, by, by,

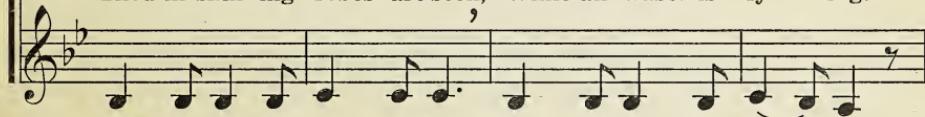
The twink - ling, twink - ling bugs go by,

The Ivy

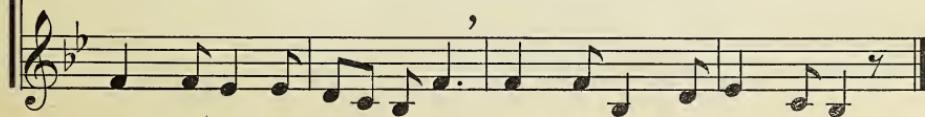
W. A. Mozart



Gar-dens, fields, and woods are bare: Flow'rs and buds are fad - ed;
 Thou hast sealed the crumbling tower, With thy ban - ner wav - ing;
 Far a-bove the top - most bough, Thy green leaves are shin - ing;
 Thou in shin - ing robes art seen, While all waste is ly - ing.



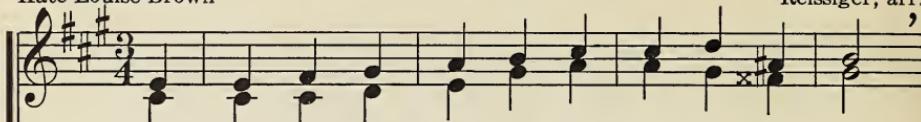
Still art thou in beaut-y seen, Ev - er young and ev - er green.
 Rust-ling at the lat - tice old, Whispering o'er the stat-ues cold.
 There thou tak'st a proud sur-vey Of the for - est bare and gray.
 Green while all is dead and cold. Hope's fair em - blem I ___ be-hold.



Kate Louise Brown

Song of the Seasons

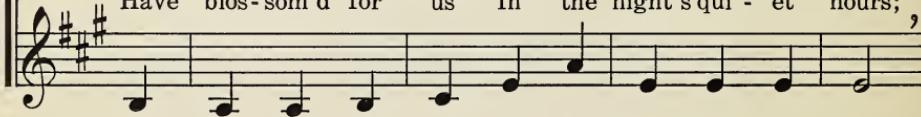
Reissiger, arr.



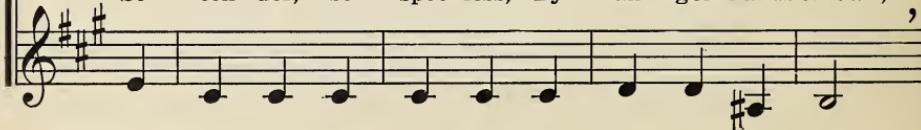
1. Come! come, lit - tle maid - en, Come wan - der with me,
 2. Come! come, lit - tle maid - en, All glow - ing and red,
 3. Come! come, lit - tle maid - en, The mer - ry winds sing,
 4. Come! come, lit - tle maid - en, What won - der - ful flow'rs



The new grass is spring-ing, The buds deck the tree;
 The ber - ries in - vite you From out their low bed;
 In scar - let and gold All the ma - ple leaves swing;
 Have blos - som'd for us In the night's qui - et hours;



And Spring, the sweet la - dy, Has left by the way
 And rob - in is sing - ing The mer - ri - est tune,
 The brown nuts are drop-ping. We haste at their call,
 So ten - der, so spot - less, By an - gel hands thrown,





The dan - de - lion's gold As the prom - ise of May.
 Come wan - der with me In the glad-ness of June.
 The gold - en Oc - to - ber Is bet - ter than all.
 The win - ter day gleams With a light of its own.



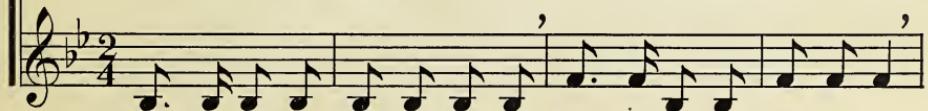
The Farm Hand

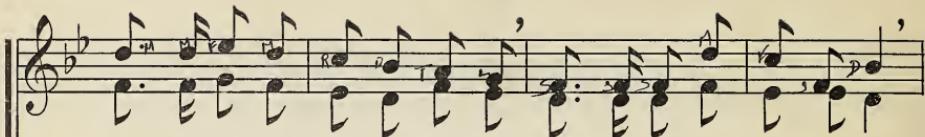
John Hullah

Vivace

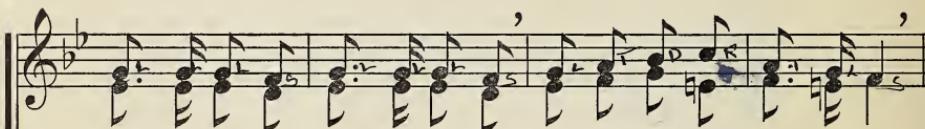


1. Lo! the sun is o'er the hill-top; Lo! the morning breaketh clear,
2. There the thresher bids good-mor-row, Lean-ing on his read-y flail,
3. 'Tis the i - dle that grow wear-y; Gai - ly sings each bu - sy sound;

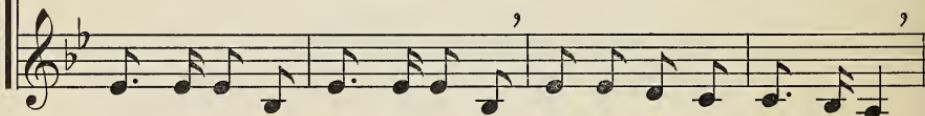




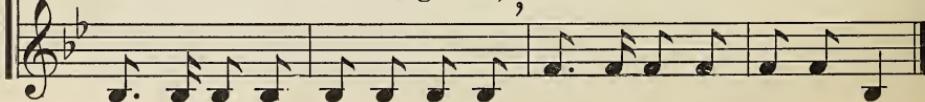
Mer - ry sounds of mirth and la - bor Wak - en in the farm-yard near;
To the milk-maid as she com-eth, Pois - ing on her head the pail.
'Tis a pleas-ure to be ac-tive; There's a joy in la - bor found.



Chan - ti-clear is on the barn-door, Crow-ing mer - ri - ly and loud;
With his spade a - cross his shoul-der, To the field the work-man goes;
And I feel my blood run fre - er, And I own it kind and good,



While his crim-son feath-ers glit-ter, As he shakes his pin - ions proud.
While the watchdog, his work o - ver, Seeks the hay-loft for re - pose.
That to man the law was giv - en, He must work to win his food.



Spirit of the Summer-Time

William Allingham

Old Irish Folk Song

1. O spir - it sweet of sum - - - mer - time,
 2. Bring back the sing - ing, bring the scent ,

Bring back the ros - es to the dells, The swallow from her
 Of meadow lands at dew - y prime; Oh! bring a-gain my ,

dis - tant clime, The hon-ey bee from drow - sy cells.
 heart's con - tent, Thou spir-it sweet of sum - - mer - time.

Fierce Raged the Tempest

Godfrey Thring

John B. Dykes

1. Fierce raged the tem - pest o'er the deep, Watch did thine
2. "Save, Lord, we per - ish," was their cry, "O save us
3. The wild winds hushed; the an - gry deep Sank, like a
4. So, when our life is cloud - ed o'er, And stormwinds

anx - ious serv - ants keep. But thou wast wrapped in
in our ag - o - ny!" Thy word a - bove the
lit - tle child, to sleep; The sul - len bil - lows
drift us from the shore, Say, lest we sink to

guile less sleep, Calm and still.
storm rose high, "Peace, be still."
ceased to leap, At thy will.
rise no more "Peace, be still."

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